

Borzoi Books for Young People

MADE IN CHINA

by Cornelia Spencer

Illustrated by Kurt Wiese

MADE IN INDIA

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MADE IN CANADA

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MADE IN INDIA
The Story of India's People



Offerings to Gomata image,
Jain sage, at Sravana Belgola.

MADE IN INDIA ·

The story of India's
people and of their
gifts to the world

by
CORNELIA SPENCER

ILLUSTRATED BY
✱ALLEN LEWIS✱

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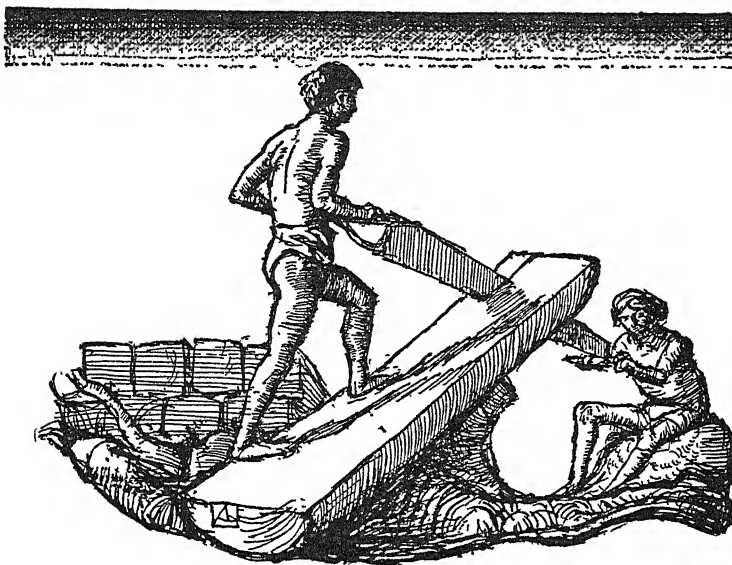
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FOREWORD

HOW can we think of India as strange and remote! She is in the stories we love and have known so long. She is in the music we adore. She offers us the greatest beauty the world has ever seen. She speaks to us from her thousands of villages where people plow and reap and sing and dance and listen to the universal storyteller.

Yet to the people of the Western Hemisphere, India has always been a fabulous land. Those of the Old World sought her magic spices and rubies. We of the New World, still find her mysterious. We hear of towering snow-clad mountains even while we hear of burning heat; of jungle lushness and barren deserts; of deluging

monsoons and scorching droughts; of incredible wealth and incredible poverty; of the Taj Mahal, greatest beauty of the world, and peasant huts washed with cow dung. We hear of brave Sikhs who fear no bloodshed and of non-resisters who will not lift a hand to save themselves.

We think of India as a land hard to understand, a land of strong contrasts. She is described as a land of snake-charmers, of strange men who prefer to lie on beds of spikes, of people who worship cows; a land where child-marriages are common and widows throw themselves on their husband's funeral pyres; a land of great students yet with the masses entirely illiterate; of dancers whose dances we cannot interpret, of singers whose songs sound out of tune; of people who were willing to die for freedom, yet would not fight to win it.

Perhaps we have not known much about India because her greatest culture is so very old. Yet it was because of this ancient India which we have thought so lost in the past, that America was discovered. A thousand years before Christ the spices of India, her peacocks and beautiful jewels, interested the men of Phoenicia. That interest persisted through the ages. Columbus determined to reach this land of riches and beauty, not by following the hazardous route of his predecessors, but by sailing west. His belief that the world was round originated in India. Centuries before him, Indians knew how to compute longitude, using the city of Ujjain as the

meridian. This knowledge of a round world reached Europe and came to Columbus through the book, *Imago Mundi*, by Cardinal Peter of Ailly, who lived in 1410. So it was that Columbus, using a theory that had come from India, set out to reach that wondrous land. And so, by chance, America was discovered.

It was only when men of the West reached India, by sea and by land, that they found that all the things they had heard of her were true.

India, though a land of mighty contrasts, is one, and her peoples are one. Through the long story of invasions and changes of rule, one of the great forces that has drawn her together, interweaving the thread of history, and binding her bloods and backgrounds into the people of India, is her religion — Hinduism. Hinduism began before the days of recorded history. Although Buddhism sprang up in India itself and invaders brought in Islam and Christianity, it was Hinduism and all the culture which was centered in it, that went on shaping and fusing the great country, while it made gifts to the world along the way.

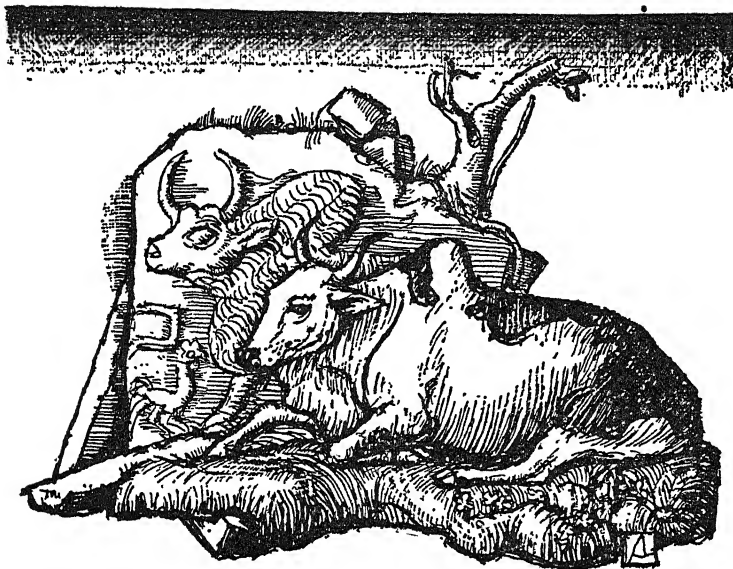
To India the world is indebted for the first theories of algebra and of the law of gravity, and for more everyday things like cotton, indigo and domestic fowls. Less practical but quite as important, perhaps, are the creation of the violin bow, the cross-blown orchestral flute, lace-like marble, cave-paintings, and poetic architecture. India

was the source of many of the stories we all know and love — Aesop's Fables, the tales of Andersen and Grimm, the masterpieces of John Milton, who though blind was able to see India through what he was told of her, those of Goethe and Coleridge and Shelley — the list could go on and on. Because of great men like Asoka and Gandhi and Nehru, Indian thought and culture continue to spread.

The story of all the peoples who together became the people of India, is a long but exciting one. Where did the lost cities, shrouded in mystery, come from? How could her bards sing songs which for hundreds of years had never been written down? How about the black-skinned traders of the South who sailed the seas fearlessly before the dawn of history, the Greeks and Persians, the Turks and Mongols, the Portuguese and British — all who invaded India as the ages came and went. These, and many more, have a part in the story of the people of India.

The people of India are thoughtful people, and their ideas have touched us in ways we scarcely know and little recognize. For four thousand years India has been influencing the world. Even so, it may be that her influence has only begun to be felt.

MADE IN INDIA
The Story of India's People



LOST CITIES OF INDIA

Mohenjo-daro, Harappa

FIVE thousand years ago, perhaps even longer ago than that, the invasions of India began. By nature India seemed secluded and safe. On two sides of her great triangle, to the east and west, lay the sea. To the north stood the towering Himalayas and the Hindu Kush mountains. Yet through the narrow Bolan Pass and the Kyber Pass, many were to come to her to search for riches, and to mingle what they brought with the civilization they found.

Who the earliest invaders of India really were is still

a secret. Scientific study suggests that they were a mixed race from as far west as the Mediterranean. Records of these people were found at Harappa on seals inscribed with strange picture writing. But these records do not tell much, since no one has yet found how to read them. Not even the Indians, themselves, know much of this earliest culture of their land. It is a period cut off from what came later by some unknown cataclysm, and then hidden even more completely by historical events which intervened.

In 1922, quite by accident, Mr. R. D. Banerji, while excavating at a place called Mohenjo-daro, came across what seemed to be the ruins of a city. These ruins seemed so important that Sir John Marshall, Director-General of Indian Archaeology, and Dr. E. J. H. Mackay, began a scientific excavation of this place. Slowly and with great excitement, a vast lost city was uncovered.

It is thought that Mohenjo-daro was at its best between 3500 and 2700 B.C. It is spoken of as one city, and yet the excavators found one city below another until at water level, seven cities, each built upon the ruins of the previous one, had been discovered. Below the seventh city there seem to be still others.

Mohenjo-daro was laid out with straight streets running east and west, north and south, its central streets thirty-three feet wide, the side streets half that width. The buildings were made of burnt brick set in mud mor-

tar. Some of them seem to have been several stories high. They were undecorated. Though there was no temple to any god, still there was found a small image of a god sitting in meditation, with a bull as his guardian.

Strangest of all the strange things found in the buried city were the baths which were almost modern. Private houses had baths with careful drainage systems; and in addition to these was a public bathhouse connected with the central sewage of the town. The drain pipes were of pottery, painstakingly joined together. Not until the nineteenth century did Europe have any sanitation which could match this which existed in India, five thousand years ago.

Though the houses were not decorated, these ancient people seem to have loved beauty, for as the city was unearthed, there were found amulets which were probably intended to be worn around the neck. These were made of clay or steatite rock, beautifully glazed or carved to represent a bull, a tiger, an elephant, or a crocodile. Some were images of men with narrow eyes and thick lips. Some seemed to be children's toys, such as birds, or animals, or tiny carts.

This love of beauty was expressed, too, in their pottery. These pieces must have been turned on a lathe. They were covered with red ochre of such high quality that it resembled lacquer. Some pieces were decorated with concentric circles, some with small knobs.

These people knew how to use metals — gold and silver and lead and copper. They knew how to make alloys such as bronze. Here are bangles and bracelets, nose discs, some made of metal alone, some of metal set with stones. They must also have known how to cast, for there is the figure of a delightful dancing girl, cast in bronze. They must even have known about weights and measures, for there are scales. They knew how to enjoy games for marbles have been found and some kind of a game played with a marker board, with pieces to match. Could this have been the beginning of chess? There is also a drum used to help mark time for the dancing! But most important in the history of India and of the world is the fact that these people had discovered cotton, had spun it and woven it into cloth, for after thousands of years there are still crumbling shreds of it, deep in the ruins. Three thousand years later Herodotus was to say of the cotton of India, "A plant which instead of fruit produces wool of a finer and better quality than that of sheep, of which the Indians make cloth."

These people living so long ago, forgotten for ages, were the beginning of India's long history. For with the little god whose image was found in the ruins, began the story of the Hindu god, Siva, sitting in the position of meditation associated with *yoga*. The worship of all the creative process is pictured in signs on the seals. There is found the familiar banyan tree. The pictograph writing

shows the snake related to earth and productivity. There are even nose discs similar to those worn today.

Just as nothing is known as to how the straight streets of Mohenjo-daro were laid, her baths filled, and her metals smelted and shaped, so nothing is known as to how the great city came to its end. Perhaps the course of the great river Indus, for which India is named, changed again, as we know it had changed before, and was to change again, burying all beneath waters and silt. Perhaps there was some sudden disaster which no man was ever to know, for the excavators found huddled skeletons of men and women and children deep in the passages and rooms, in attitudes of fear. It is as if some great cataclysm made this earliest part of Indian history, so important to her and to all the world, a secret, perhaps, forever. But secret or no, those lost cities are the beginning of India's long story.



CULT OF THE COBRAS AND PEACOCKS FOR TYRE

The Dravidian-speakers

AMONG Indians, even today, one may see the dark-faced, sleek-haired people who are descendants of Dravidian-speaking tribes who were masters of India before 2000 B.C. Where they first came from, no one knows. It may be that they, too, came through the mountain passes, for far to the northwest in Baluchistan there is a small area where the Dravidian language is still spoken. If these tribes came from the north, they moved

southward, for they made the point of the peninsula their stronghold.

The Dravidian-speakers rooted themselves deeply in India. They built cities of brick, towers and forts of stone, temples and shrines of wood. They knew the use of copper and silver and gold.

They were farmers and the forefathers of much of the Indian village life of today. They believed in the good earth which was the source of all life. They believed in her so strongly that they worshipped what they took to be symbols of her — snakes crawling from winter hiding places to warm themselves in the spring sunshine. This worship of the symbol snake, evidences of which were found also in the ruins of Mohenjo-daro, developed later into the idea of the serpent gods and kings and queens. Some of those were half-human — the Naga of later India. It led to the repeated use of the cobra in decoration. This eventually grew into respect for all that had to do with producing life, with special emphasis on female gods, or mother rule rather than father rule in the clan, on polyandry rather than polygamy in family relationships. This emphasis on all that is life-producing is to be found in many parts of the world, but in India it is clearer and has lasted longer than elsewhere. It is interesting to read what an authority says of this feeling about the cobra. "The cobra is held particularly sacred by the

Hindus. The figure of Naga Raj — King of the Cobras — is important in Hindu mythology. The cobra's hood is considered the symbol of royalty, and in ancient times a child found guarded by a cobra with its outspread hood was immediately assigned a royal status however humble its parents. Thus the Naga cult is doubtless older than Hinduism. . . . The symbol of eternity . . . is the thousand-headed cobra which is supposed to dwell in the bowels of the earth.”¹

The Dravidian-speakers were sturdy and enterprising. They were the first to trade between India and the West. They must have been builders of good ships, for we know that very early indeed they shipped cargoes of apes and ivory and peacocks to Tyre. We know that men from that far city came to the Malabar coast on the west of India to bargain for the enormous pearls from the fisheries there, and for the precious stones which have been part of the magnificence of India through the ages. In 975 B.C., the record says that King Hiram of Tyre sent his fleet of ships of Tarshish to the city of Ophir for rich merchandise. Now Ophir was probably Sopara on the Bombay coast.

At this period of her history, South India had much that the rest of the world wanted. She had spices — pepper, ginger, and cinnamon; she had pearls and rubies and

¹ Notes will be found at the end of the text beginning on page 201.



Dark-faced, sleek-haired Dravidian.

beryls; she had cotton cloth that later became famous throughout the world as calico and muslin. All these things the ships took back to the West, some for the great temple of King Solomon, some to be re-traded to others, who would add to the already fabulous price. When Alaric took Rome in A.D. 410 he carried away, as part of his booty, three thousand pounds of pepper that had come from India.

Traders from distant lands not only found goods for trade, but discovered a strange and different civilization. They found stone forts and towers, cliffs with carvings, in minute detail, of demons and gods and lovers; temples built of wood, destined in years to come to be copied in stone; a literature in a language which was to remain distinct from the Sanskrit — the great literary language of the next period of India — a literature in Tamil and Telegu, Karanese and Malayalam.

They found organized village life centering about good farming done on well-irrigated, well-tilled soil. They found weaving and pottery and metal work done by the village artisans. They even found that villages had self-government, that the armies were strong, and that there was much splendor and wealth.

No wonder that the hunger for the spices of the Indies was to grow, and the word of a land unbelievably rich was to be passed from mouth to mouth! If India was ever a place remote, mysterious, dripping jewels, it was dur-

ing this early period when first the ships of the West came to her shores. Elephants and crocodiles, serpents and tigers, pearls and rubies, unknown languages and unknown worships, all contributed to the glamorous impressions which through the ages were to lead to invasion after invasion, both by land and by sea.



SOMA JUICE AND SONGS

The Aryans

TO the unknown peoples of the lost cities, to the dark-skinned Dravidian-speakers of the South, a new people were added about 2000 B.C. They probably came from Persia, moving through the northwest passes as others before them had done. But they did not stop in the valley of the great river. Instead, they migrated slowly eastward and in the plains of the Ganges, founded the country they called Aryavarta. They called themselves the Arya or Noblemen. From them came the term Aryan which refers to the people of Central Asia, of whom they

were a part, who also moved eastward and were the parent stock of the Greeks and Latins and Celts and Anglo-Saxons. These Aryans who came to India were fair-skinned, with long heads and straight noses. They came to stay, bringing their families and cattle, their kings and bards, and all their own ways of living together in villages.

Of course, the people who were already in these lands they entered, opposed them. There were many battles and only slowly could the fair-skinned ones settle in the country of those they describe as short, swarthy, flat-nosed. The invaders disliked the religious practices of the original inhabitants and spoke disparagingly of the dark-skinned ones as *Dasyu*, or slaves. Yet these "slaves" were, like the Dravidian-speakers farther south, of whom they were probably a part, a rich and luxury-loving people who lived in strong castles.

But the Aryans were pioneers, and like pioneers, they drove back the native tribes and established their own mode of life. This centered in the family of whom the father was head; all possessions were shared in common, and common worship was held at a family hearth. The Aryans must have had a high ideal of marriage, for part of their marriage ceremony addressed to the bride, reads:

Free from the evil eye, thy husband hurting not,
Kind to our beasts, be friendly, full of energy,

Bear heroes, love the gods, and live in happiness,
Bring welfare to our bipeds and our quadrupeds.

These early people of India did not believe in child-marriage nor in having more than one wife. The husband in the service says, "I clasp thy hand for happiness, that thou mayest reach old age with me, thy husband."

After the ceremony the new couple went to their home in a cart decked with flowers, drawn by white bulls, carrying a pot of fire from the husband's family hearth, with which to kindle their own. The wife's work was now to grind corn, prepare the food, and above all, bear sons.

When a boy was eight years old, a little ceremony celebrating a step toward maturity was held for him. A cord of sacred or *munja* grass was tied over the left shoulder and under the right arm, while a priest whispered to him a certain formula which said, "Let us meditate on the excellent glory of the Sun, the God; may He enlighten our understanding." ²

Groups of families made up the village which was much like villages in India today, with a headman, officers, and common pasture-land. Oxen were used for plowing and drawing carts, and a man's wealth was counted by the number of domestic animals he had. Barley, millet, wheat, lentils, and sesamum were cultivated. The people had a simple means of irrigating their land;

they knew how to ~~can~~ leather, spin wool, make butter, and work in wood, copper and gold. Their food consisted of parched barley, vegetables, clarified butter, or *ghi*, and various forms of milk. They were fond of an intoxicating drink distilled from grain, known as *sura*. A fattened calf was often served to welcome a guest, and beef was eaten at feasts. But the fact that the cow produced so much that was important to life, led them in time to honor her, so that a little later we find, in the great epic poems, laws forbidding the killing of cows. Today, among Indians, the cow is venerated "as a patron animal, the source of food and the mother of life, instead of such a symbol as the lion of England, the bear of Russia, or the American eagle." ³

The houses had mud walls and thatched roofs. The floor was often strewn with dry grass. The people wore clothes of skin or wool. They loved jewelry. They liked to gamble. They delighted in chariot-racing, archery, hunting and dancing, and were a fun-loving people. They used drums and played several wind instruments.

The head of the tribe was the Raja or king, though he did not have all the power over the people, for there was a popular assembly where ordinary members of the tribe could speak their minds and approve or disapprove what he did, and so he had to please them. Crime was not punishable by death, not even murder, but the culprit had to pay what was called blood-money, perhaps a cer-

tain number of cows, to the family of the one he had wronged.

With the Aryans began one of the great social systems of India, the caste system. There were three main classes of people, the priests, the warriors, and the cultivators or artisans. A fourth group, the slaves, was made up of the descendants of the native black people. In these early times rules were not nearly so rigid as they were to become later, for then a man could enter a different group if he changed his occupation. These early classifications were somewhat like our modern guilds, where people who are doing the same sort of work join together to exchange ideas.

One of the most important groups among these four, certainly so far as history is concerned, was that of the priests or bards. In those days no written records were kept. The priests or bards, who learned the religious songs and rituals and passed them on from father to son, also composed poems or epics which told of the great deeds of the people, great battle events, or some of the more important episodes of their daily lives. These oral records, later to be written down, give us a picture of the life of the Aryans.

The Dravidian-speakers worshipped the earth, their symbol of productivity. The Aryans, however, worshipped the Sun and the Devas, or Shining Ones, whom they thought of as living in the heavens. Varuna stood

for the Sun and was a good deal like the Jehovah of the Hebrews. There are some lovely hymns about the gods of these people. One of them is:

Whoever moves or stands, who glides in secret,
Who seeks a hiding place, or hastens from it,
What thing two men may plan in secret council,
A third, King Varuna, perceives it also.²

There is also a song about Ushas, bride of Varuna, who was a good deal like Aurora.

Now Heaven's Daughter has appeared before us
A maiden shining in resplendent garments.
Thou sovran lady of all earthly treasure,
Auspicious Dawn, shine here today upon us.²

The most popular god seems to have been Indra, the Indian Thor, the ideal warrior. He is supposed to have been armed with a thunderbolt, to help the Aryans against their enemies. They liked to tell of how Indra killed the wicked dragon Vritra, who had shut up the kine, or rain clouds, and so kept the rain from their parched fields.

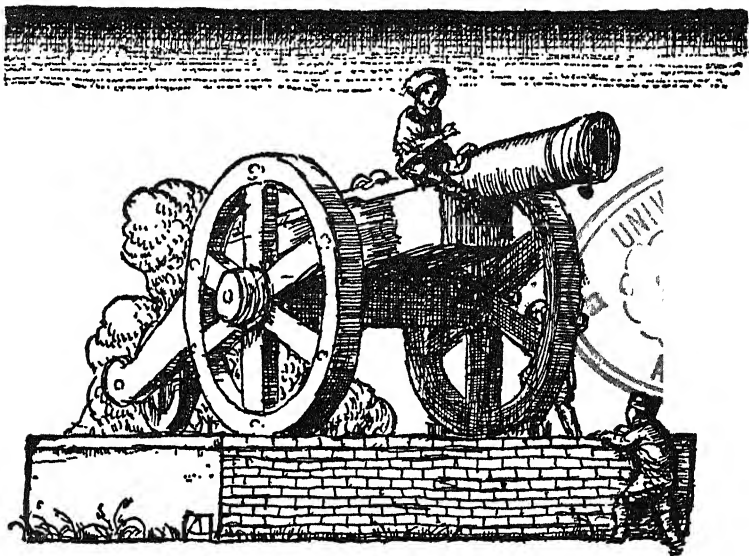
Usually the ceremony of worship for any of their gods included the drinking and offering of the exhilarating *soma* juice. No one now knows what it was made of, but it seems to have been the juice of some plant growing on

the mountainsides. Worship was also connected with the moon which affected vegetation.

When an Aryan died, his body was burned on a pyre. In the right hand was placed some implement which he had used in his calling. As the pyre burned, the relatives sat about and talked of religious subjects and then sang the song of the dead, before they went slowly home in procession. The soul of the dead person was supposed to go to Yama, the King of the Dead, where it was punished or rewarded. When the burning was over, the bones were collected and washed and buried in an urn. The later idea that souls passed from one kind of physical life to another, transmigration, had not yet begun.

With the arrival of the Aryans, many new customs came to India. Slowly these mingled with those already there. Thus, merging and changing each other, they became part of the civilization we think of as Indian.

Most important of all that the Aryans contributed were the records of themselves. These records, kept orally for hundreds of years, and then at last written in the language known as Sanskrit, are the Vedas. From them this whole period of Indian history gets the name Vedic, and from them springs the beginning of India's literature, her greatest gift to the West.



STORIES WE LOVE TO TELL

Early Indian Literature

IS it not astonishing that songs and prayers and the account of events numbering into hundreds of thousands, could be kept so perfectly, when they were not written down until perhaps hundreds of years after they were composed? One reason why they were not written down was that the bards of the Aryans did not want them to fall into the wrong hands — “profane” hands as they thought of it. They were careful not to let them even be heard by those who should not hear them. The bards memorized all this great mass of poetry and ritual and so were really living history books, until about the

sixth century after Christ, when at last the Vedas were put into writing. It is said that some of the bards could recite as many as a hundred thousand verses. Often these men were borrowed for reference just as we borrow books from libraries today!

The part of the Vedas called the *Rig-veda*, or verse-knowledge, is the oldest written Indian book. It tells of man's relationship to the spirit world. It is more like a hymnbook than anything else, but a great deal harder to understand. The Aryans by this time were changing in their religious thinking. They no longer simply worshipped the Sun and those they thought of as belonging to his retinue. They had begun to ask questions of their thinkers and of themselves — such questions as, "Why are men born?" and "What is the meaning of the universe?" Some of this questioning is shown in a part of the *Rig-veda* called the "Creation Hymn." This says, in part:

Nor Aught nor Naught existed; yon bright sky
Was not, nor heaven's broad woof outstretched above.
What covered all? What sheltered? What concealed?
Who knows the secret? Who proclaimed it here?
Whence, whence this manifold creation sprang?
He from whom this great creation came,
Whether his will created or was mute,
The Most High Seer that is in highest heaven,
He knows it — or perchance even He knows not.²

There are other books of this religious nature which give charms and spells, marriage and funeral hymns, rituals to be followed between priests and people, and in ceremonies of worship, but those which most interested men of the West were those containing the religious discussions known as the *Upanishads*. These books had much to do, in later years, with the progress of philosophical thinking in Europe. More interesting still are the Indian epic poems about which much Indian drama grew up. One of the most famous of these is the story of Rama told in the *Ramayana*, while the one most beloved in Europe is the tale of Sakuntala, drawn from the *Mahabharata*.

A literature different from both the religious and the epic was meantime growing up among the Indian people. It is this literature which is the most exciting to people of the West, for it is the origin of many well-loved stories. Very many of the fables most familiar to European and American children came from India. The village bard sang them or told them to the people clustered around him in the evening. The number of them grew as they were passed on. The children and the grown people who listened, remembered them, and so they were educated in a literature, real though unwritten, just as the people of China, although often unable to read, are still not truly illiterate.

The earliest Indian fables to move westward reached

Asia Minor by the sixth century B.C. They were translated into Greek, it is said, by Aesop. Everyone in the West is familiar with *Aesop's Fables* for they have become part of their heritage.

One of the most famous of old Indian story books is the *Seventy Tales of a Parrot*. This was translated into Persian many times and later reached Europe and was made even more well known through Gottfried's *Tristan and Isolde*.

In the *Arabian Nights* there are many stories of early Indian origin. Even though the tales were composed much later, the beginnings came from the Indian bards.

The Indian *Panchatantra*, a book of fables, was translated into Arabic, German, Dutch, Danish, and other languages with tremendous effect. Sir Thomas North, using an Italian translation, introduced them to Elizabethan England.

The result of this westward movement of Indian stories was that Milton can scarcely be read without a map of India! Cinderella is really the Indian princess, Sumana-devi! The animals in the fables we read and tell are not the animals native to the western hemisphere, but the lion, the jackal, the elephant, the peacock! Some of these were later changed for the more familiar ones, but in the older versions, Indian animals are the characters.

Much later, Rudyard Kipling made many old Indian stories come freshly alive in their original form in his

Jungle Books. He was able to do this so well because he was a gifted writer and poet, and because he himself was born in India and lived there until he was five years old. He and his little sister had an Indian nurse who used to tell them stories she knew. Even though he was sent to England for his education when he was very young, he never forgot the deep impression India had made on him.

When he was seventeen he went back to India as a reporter on a Punjab English newspaper. This meant that he had to find material. He prowled through streets and alleys and market places, stopped at the English club for bits of news, took trips through the native states, and sometimes risked his life for the information he had to have.

It was out of his own experiences in India that he wrote many stories of the jungles, *Kim*, and other tales that interpret the Indian people to the people of the West.

The stream of Indian literature in the Sanskrit language, which poured out over a period of three thousand years, is unequalled anywhere in the world, except perhaps in China. The Indian imagination is one of the best in the world, and from it sprang the *Magic Mirror*, *The Seven League Boots*, *Jack and the Beanstalk*, *The Purse of Fortunatus*, and a thousand other people and things and incidents which have had part in the lives of millions of white children.

While Indian religion was changing from sun worship

to spiritual questionings, the common people told stories and loved them. The two processes were to go on together, and both forms of literature were to reach the rest of the world more and more directly. The questioning about the meaning of life within India, meantime, brought about an event of immense importance to all the East.



FIRST TEACHER OF THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN

The Buddha

AMONG a group of people who were more full of questions about the meaning of life than others, there was born about the year 563 B.C., a prince, son of a small chieftain. The place was in the North, in sight of the towering Himalayas.

This boy was Gautama Sakyamuni whom we know as the Buddha. Because he became so famous, and because he lived before written record, thousands of tales clus-

ter around his life. But in spite of much that is make-believe, something of the truth is known.

Gautama's father, it is said, was anxious that his son never know sorrow. He kept the boy within the confines of his beautiful estate, and tried never to allow him to see sickness or death. One reason why the father felt this way was that although he was no longer young, this was his first child; another, that a wise man had told him that if the child were kept at home, he would become a great monarch, but that if he were allowed to wander about, he would become a prophet and a wandering religious man. The father longed for his son to become a monarch.

He did everything he could to make his son happy. The boy seemed to like to sit and think and to ask difficult questions. In order to divert him, his father hired musicians to play beautiful music. When the boy was old enough, he married him to a delightful girl, and planned entertainments of all kinds. He had splendid clothes made for him; a lotus pool was dug for him. He built three different palaces for different seasons of the year. When the young man pressed to go out, the streets were cleared of all sights that might make him unhappy.

And yet one day when Gautama rode out from the palace in his chariot, with attendants holding the regal umbrella over his head, he saw a beggar. He went home shocked by his first sight of poverty.

Another day he went out again and in a holiday crowd he saw, in spite of his father's care, a man deformed by sickness.

Yet another day he went out and saw a corpse. He had now seen three great forms of suffering — poverty, sickness, and death.

Still another day he went out and saw an ascetic, a man who denied himself all comforts and gave himself over to thinking about religion. Perhaps, Gautama thought, by giving up everything but meditation, one might find peace of mind.

Gautama could not forget what he had seen. He could no longer pay attention to the merriment that was provided for him at home. All he could do was to torment himself with his uncertainty as to what was the best way to meet the pain of life.

One night while all the people of the palace were asleep, he left even the baby boy that had been born to him, and rode away to the forest. He would not allow his groom to stay with him but sent him back with the word that he had abandoned all his former life. He met a huntsman and exchanged clothes with him, and using his sword, cut off his long hair. Then, leaving his horse, he walked on.

He came to some caves where hermits lived. He stayed with them and learned their ideas of a meaningless, pain-

less state of mind called Nirvana. He found that they felt that man's soul, which they considered part of the universal soul, was reborn again and again in better or worse conditions, living in the bodies of men or animals, until slowly it learned how to attain the Great Soul, and how to become part of it. This idea of many rebirths is known as Transmigration.

But he was still not satisfied. How could one reach Nirvana? Perhaps by the way of the ascetics who denied themselves everything — even food and clothes — and underwent all sorts of hardships and suffering in order to master themselves.

So, with five followers, Gautama tried this way, starving himself nearly to death. But still no peace came. He decided that to try to control one's mind by deprivation was not the way to reach Nirvana. When he took food, his followers, who were disappointed in him, feeling that he had given in to temptation, left him.

Gautama himself was nearly heartbroken because of the conflict within himself. He wandered aimlessly along until he came to a river. There a kindhearted girl brought him warm food. He sat down under a *bo* tree to eat and to think. Quite suddenly his thinking grew clear. Of course, he could not find mental peace by anything outside himself; that peace must come from within. He must control himself, forget himself, and love others. Only in this way could he defeat sorrow. This was the decision

he had been looking for — this was his Great Enlightenment.

Those who came to find him discovered that he no longer struggled with himself. His face was calm, for a plan was growing in his mind. He told those who came to talk with him that there was an eight-fold path to Nirvana. This was made up of right belief, right feelings, right speech, right action, right means of livelihood, right endeavor, right memory, and right meditation.

For forty-five years Gautama, now called the Buddha or Enlightened One, wandered among the villages of the Ganges, teaching and gathering small groups of believers who went with him. He lived peacefully, and repeated over and over, "Search only for the fruit of the noble path of self-culture and self-control." He allowed no temple to be built for him, no monument to be raised; he urged only that those who agreed with him, perpetuate his teachings after he was gone.

One day, when he was eighty years old, worn and tired from his constant wandering, a poor smith prepared a dish of pork for him. The food was tainted and though Buddha knew it, he ate it, because of the kindness of the poor man. He was soon overtaken by illness and feeling that his end was near, he called his followers around him, and imploring them not to weep, said to them, "Whatever is born must be dissolved. . . . Work out your salvation with diligence." ⁴

The Buddha's body was burned and his ashes distributed among his followers. These ashes were later buried beneath memorial mounds, in spite of his express wish that nothing of the sort be done.

Gautama, the Buddha, could not have guessed how greatly he was to affect not only India, but China, Japan, and the islands of the sea. He could not foresee that he would be the forerunner of one who was to affect the world more strongly than any other one man of history, Jesus, who is called the Christ. He could not have imagined that twenty-five hundred years later, men would still be seeking the very peace he sought, or trying to inculcate kindness in the practices of an international world.

A few years after Gautama was born, there was born another man who was also to become a great leader and the founder of a religion. This man was Mahavira who began the sect known as that of the Jains. Today they number about one and a quarter million and are peculiar to India. Although Jainism is now considered as one type of Hinduism, it did not decline in India as Buddhism did, long ago. Jainism was originally much like Buddhism except that its doctrines were more extreme. Its followers believed in non-violence to an even greater degree. They led revolts against the Brahmins because they emphasized caste which the Jains repudiated, and built monasteries of their own. The Jains practiced asceticism, some of them

going stark naked in the extremity of their belief. Jainism is important in the history of India because, as time went on, it influenced religious art, especially miniature painting, and affected the whole picture of Indian culture.



MONOLITHS OF MEANING

Asoka

ABOUT the time of Gautama, the Buddha, strange things were happening in the far Northwest. Darius of Persia was growing in power. He entered India just south of Kashmir and took over what is now the Punjab. He sent one of his men, Scylax, to explore the Indus River. Darius' invasion caused Persian influence to spread through northern India. The Persian state which he set up in the Punjab became known in Europe, and the news of it, carried back and forth, established the first historical contact between India and the West.

In 326 B.C., another invader came to India — Alexander the Great, of Macedonia. He probably entered through the channel of the Kabul River, not far from the Kyber Pass. He reached Taxila, a city which was famous as a gathering place for men of many different nationalities, as well as for the number of its students, and philosophers. Located as it was at the end of the Pass, it was a natural halting place for travelers. Here, Alexander was surprised to find not only strange Indian customs, but many which had come from Babylon and Persia. Bent on conquest, he proceeded east to the banks of the Jhelum River where he fought a great battle with the Indian monarch of a state known as the Paurava. Although the Macedonians fought an army which used elephants, they were victorious.

Alexander wanted to push on, but by this time, his soldiers had had enough and mutinied. He decided then to go down the Indus River as Scylax had done, and so reach the sea. Little by little he fought his way down to the coast where he started to build a great port, an undertaking that was never finished.

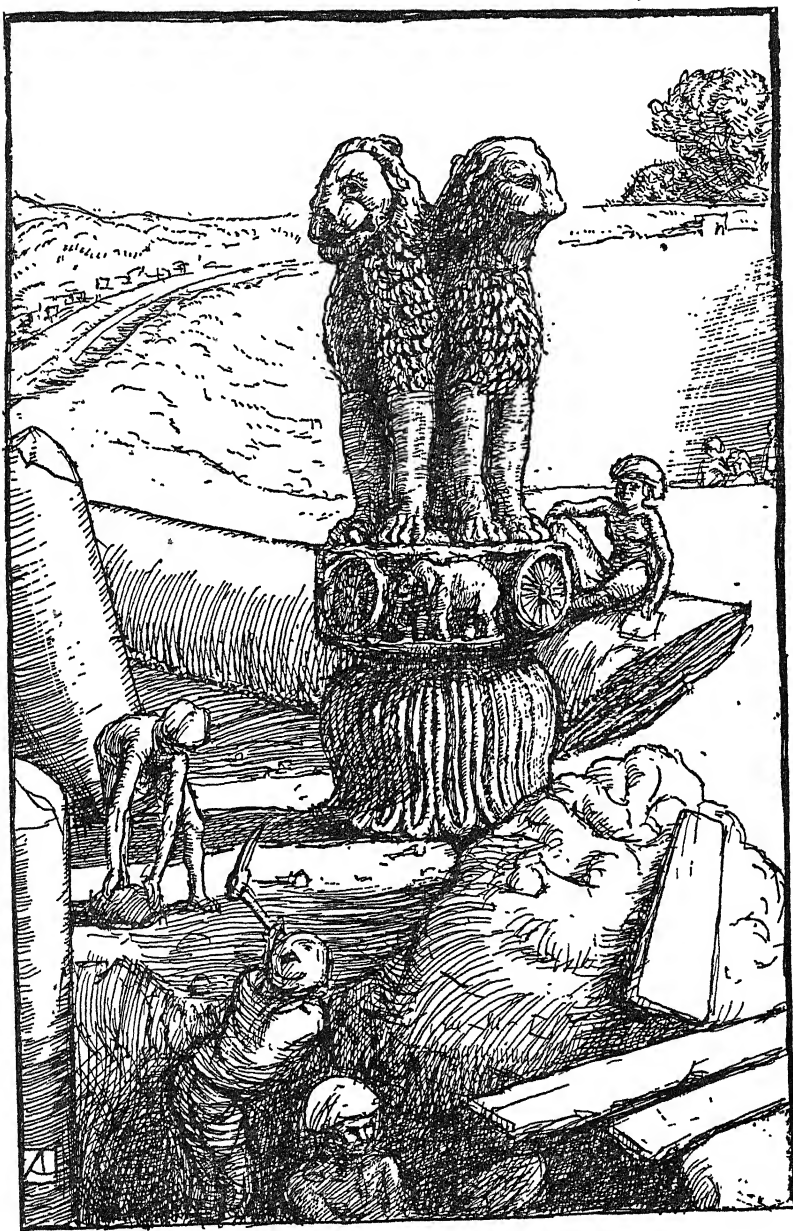
All of the province that is now the Punjab was now Greek. No one can know what might have come about in the rule of India if Alexander had not died about a year later. He had intended the Indus region to be a great commercial and military center, site perhaps, of a second

Alexandria. But the government that he had set up in the north of India fell apart at once.

Yet his invasion, though short in time, was very important, for it strengthened the influence between the East and the West and made the peoples of India draw together to keep out the advancing invader.

The greatest leader in this movement toward unification in India, begun at the time of Alexander, was Asoka. He succeeded his father who was ruler of Magadha, a state in north India, which had contested a fresh attack on the Punjab under Seleucus Nicator, after Alexander's death. The Magadha state had grown strong by swallowing up smaller adjacent provinces. When Asoka became its leader in 274 B.C., his first thought was to further increase its size by conquest. He went out with his armies as his father had done. But at a place called Kalinga, the bloodshed was so terrible that he was suddenly sickened by it and resolved never again to subdue his enemies in this awful way. His decision not to use force was upheld by Buddhist influences around him and before long he became a Buddhist. His conversion to this religion was to have an enormous effect on India, and even on the world, for his kingdom eventually reached from the farthest northwestern provinces, to the very tip of the southern peninsula, and stretched across the entire width of the land.

Asoka was interested in teaching his subjects how to



“ — huge tapering monoliths.”

succeed through kindness rather than through cruelty. He tried to keep this point of view before them continually by setting up stone pillars, on which were inscribed the sayings of the Buddha, so that all who passed might read and ponder. Some of these pillars were huge tapering monoliths of hard sandstone, forty or fifty feet high and weighing sometimes as much as fifty tons. They were burnished so that later travelers mistook them for metal. One of the most beautiful of these monuments is at Sarnath, standing at what was thought to be the entrance to the deer park where Gautama preached his first sermon. It is surmounted by a capital made up of a lotus, a frieze of animals, the Buddhist wheel of the law, and three lions standing back to back. This masterpiece can still be seen.

But, we may ask, how was it that Asoka could have had these pillars inscribed, when as yet India had no written language? It is true that religious teachings were handed on by word of mouth, but it is also true that letters written not in *Sanskrit*, but in *Prakrit*, the language of the common people, were in existence at an even earlier date. These letters, written on leaves of the talipot palm with a stylus, are mentioned before this time. Aléxander's admiral says that Indians used "fine tissue closely woven"² for writing. Perhaps this was paper from China. It seems likely that writing was used for business before it was used for literature. The *Prakrit* in which Asoka had the

inscriptions written, uses letters of the Brahmi script which is still to be found in parts of India today.

Although Asoka is known to have been the first to promote the use of stone, rather than wood, in architecture, none of his buildings stand to show what he accomplished. He took delight, however, in making pilgrimages to places where the Buddha had been and there raised memorial mounds called *stupas*, parts of which still remain. From the reliefs on them we are given a magnificent picture of Indian life at that time, for they are really photographs in stone of their customs, dress, and small everyday events. One of the most famous of the mounds was at a place called Sanchi. Unfortunately, none of the original work of this one now remains.

During the rainy season, when the monsoon raged, Buddhist monastic groups sought shelter in caves. One of the oldest groups of these caves about which anything is known is the one at Gaya. Asoka had these caves carved out of the exceedingly hard stone of the hillside. They were then polished until they shone brilliantly. It is evident that these were copied from wooden hermitages in which the monks were sometimes housed, for the joists and beams and brackets, though not structurally needed, are reproduced in the stone.

Asoka tried to lead his people not only through what he taught them by morals cut in stone, and by the re-

membrance of the Great Teacher, but by his own example. He founded hospitals for people and for animals. "Every man," he said, "is my child." One may sum up his whole attitude in the few words, "One must be gentle to all living creatures." ²

But Asoka was interested in people beyond the borders of India, too. He was the one to start the great Buddhist missionary movement. He was himself, above all else, a missionary; first to his own country, and then to the neighboring ones. His own son and daughter went out to preach, and he sent others to Ceylon and Burma, to Egypt and Macedonia and Epirus. Though the list of these missionaries is preserved, we do not know whether they all reached their destinations. We do know, however, that Buddhism began to flourish in Ceylon and Burma, for these countries in turn spread the religion to Siam, Tibet and Japan, and added to what China was learning directly from her own pilgrims which she sent to India, thus enriching and strengthening the growth of Buddhism in that country. So the crosscurrents grew stronger and the conquest of Alexander had far-reaching effects on the world — westward by the interchange of cultures, eastward through the spread of the religion of Asoka, whose rise was partly caused by the invasion of India.



IMAGES OF SAINTLINESS

Beloved Buddhas

WHILE conquest had strengthened India politically and helped give rise to an Asoka, the direct mingling of East and West which was taking place in the North, had a strong influence on the art which was beginning to center about the figure of the Buddha, Gautama, who desired to be remembered only in the thoughts of men.

The story of this influence on art is very interesting. Curiously enough, the representations of Buddha which were later to flood the Far East — varying in size from

the tiny figure carved in ivory or bronze, small enough to be hidden in the hand, to the enormous majesty of one hewn from mountain rock and outlasting many temples built to house it—are, in part, contributions of the Greeks.

Although Alexander was long dead and the organization he had left behind in India had fallen to pieces, Greek power was still strong in neighboring Bactria. As soon as Indian rule showed weakness, Greek influence began to push across into the valley of the Kabul, a region known as Gandhara. Thus, for nearly a century and a half, the Punjab was really Hellenic. To this period we are indebted for the beautiful coins which show the profiles of these Greek adventurers. One of these men, Menander, called Melinda in India, became famous because of his conversion to Buddhism. In the dialogue in which that gradual change in belief is recorded, *The Questions of Melinda*, there is a great deal not only about Menander himself, but about the condition of the country.

The best-known Greco-Buddhist school of art, is the Gandhara school. Before this time, symbols connected with the Buddha's life had been used to represent him, but now sculptures of him replace the symbols. The whole story of Gautama's life is told in bas relief, and strange as it may seem, the infant Gautama, naked and charming, wears the solemn halo, used two centuries or so later for Jesus.

The Greeks felt none of the reticence of the Indians in picturing the events of Gautama's life. Sometimes he is shown as a youth astonishing his teachers; another scene depicts the young girl he is to marry being presented to him — a beautiful lady in a Roman costume, standing in a pose of Asiatic languor. Later, he is pictured as meditating in the forest, but the animals around him look unreal, for the Greeks did not have the ability of the native artists to portray animal life. In the relief which represents him saying farewell to his horse, the horse scarcely stirs one to pity.

Images of the Buddha showing him after the Great Enlightenment, beginning from the time of the Gandhara school, are typical of the Buddha images to be found all through the Far East. He looks like a Greek sage, standing or seated in the Indian fashion. His monastic cloak is draped like a Greek toga, his head resembles that of an Apollo, with a top knot of hair for the traditional turban of the nobles or the Greek skull cap. He has small tight curls, the mark symbolizing wisdom between the eyes, extra long ear lobes — supposed to have been caused by the wearing of heavy earrings when he was a prince — and his head is often portrayed, crowned by a halo.

But a historical event was to increase Greek influence on Indian art. When the Kushans, part of a nomadic tribe living near the Great Wall of China, conquered Gandhara, their great leader, Kanishka, became a Bud-

dhist. He did much to simplify Buddhist teachings, which by now were very complicated. This emphasis on Buddhism led to further growth of the Buddhist school of art.

The Kushans had no scruples about human representations of the Buddha. Because they employed Greek sculptors and architects, their art remained Greek, but with time the drapery grew fainter, the nimbus increased in size and was sometimes edged with fire, the attendants were Greeks, and Greek gods seemed often to be collaborating with Gautama! Very strange indeed was it that the Indian saint came to be visualized for the world through the joint efforts of the Greeks, the Indians and a nomadic tribe from Afghanistan!

This art of the Kushans was by no means the only Buddhist art of the period. Some authorities even deny that it was Greek influence that brought the first humanization of Gautama and insist that representations of him began in Indian centers. For there were by now several purely Indian schools of art. The most important of these was the Mathura in which statues of the Buddha, cut from red sandstone, were made, and which, eventually, reached many places. But in time even the Mathura school adopted the Greek interpretation of the saint, the Buddha began to show signs of Greek influence in his dress, although his face remained benign, suggesting kindness, gentleness and peace.



TALES OF TWO TRAVELERS

Fa Hsien and Yuan Chuang

THE PICTURE of India at its best, under her own rulers — the Gupta period which lasted from A.D. 320 to 647 — comes clearly from the pen of one who, though far away, heard of the glory of the land of Buddha. In the fifth century, Fa Hsien was one of a band of pilgrims who set out from China. The caravan had to skirt the dangerous Taklamakan desert, and cross the Hindu Kush Mountains and the Pamirs, through passes sixteen thousand feet high and deep with snow. When Fa Hsien had reached his destination he found the civilization of India greater even than he had expected. He says,

"In this country they do not keep swine or fowls, and they do not deal in cattle; they have no shambles or wine shops in their market places. In their commerce they use cowrie shells. The Pariahs (outcastes) alone hunt and sell flesh. Down from the time of the Lord Buddha's Nirvana, the kings, chief men and householders have raised viharas (monasteries) for the monks, and have provided for their support by endowing them with fields, houses, gardens, servants and cattle. . . . When a stranger arrives at the monastery, the senior priests escort him to the guest-house, carrying his robes and his almsbowl for him. They offer him water to wash his feet, and oil for anointing, and prepare a special meal for him." ⁵

In glowing words, he further described their form of government. Fines were used in place of corporal punishment. The chief ministers had fixed salaries. The people drank no intoxicants and none but the outcastes killed animals for food, or allowed themselves onions or garlic. How strange that only a little later, onions and garlic were to enter China from India and become important ingredients in the making of China's most savory dishes!

Though he was chiefly interested in finding books of Buddhist teachings, the stories of Buddhistic miracles which Fa Hsien heard about on all sides intrigued him. At Taxila it was said that before his enlightenment, Gautama had given his head to a man who seemed to need it. Two days' journey farther on, he gave his body to a

starving tiger. In Peshawar, Fa Hsien found the Buddha's begging bowl which the monks daily brought out and set before the monastery. Once, when an invader tried to steal it, harnessing it to an elephant, he found the elephant could not move it. It could not even be moved by means of a cart drawn by eight elephants. When the poor threw flowers in it as an offering to the Buddha, it was at once filled, but the rich might throw in hundreds of thousands of bushels of flowers, yet it remained empty.

Fa Hsien found the Ganges Valley rich and beautiful. "In it heat and cold are finely tempered — no hoarfrost or snow. The people are numerous and happy. They have not to register their households, or attend to any magistrates or their rules."

At Pataliputra he found the palace of Asoka, "all made by spirits, which piled stones and reared walls, gates, and executed the elegant carving and inlaid sculpture work which no human hands in this world could accomplish." ⁶ Fa Hsien stayed here three years, for he found the Buddhist manuscripts he wanted. He learned Sanskrit and copied the monkish laws.

Then he traveled to the mouth of the Ganges and took ship to Ceylon. Perhaps he would have stayed longer in Ceylon where Buddhism was flourishing, were it not that at the sight of a Chinese silk fan he was so overcome with homesickness that he burst into tears. Then and there he decided to go home. He nearly lost his precious

manuscripts in two shipwrecks between Ceylon and China. Of the entire undertaking it was said, "In all the countries of India, the dignified carriage of the priesthood and the surprising influence of religion cannot be described. But because our learned doctors had not heard of these things, he (meaning Fa Hsien) was induced at personal risk, to cross the seas and encounter every kind of danger in returning home."⁵ Fa Hsien had spent fifteen years in making the pilgrimage.

Nearly a century after this, India reached its zenith of the Gupta period, that in which she was ruled by her own great leaders. The brilliant leader of a unified northern India was Harsha. We learn of him and his country through another Chinese pilgrim.

Yuan Chuang, this second famous Chinese traveler, spent eight years in the imperial court, learning of the country. In describing an Indian town he writes,

"The towns and villages have inner gates; the walls are wide and high; the streets and lanes are tortuous, and the roads winding. . . . Butchers, fishers, dancers, scavengers, and so on, have their abodes without the city. In coming and going, these persons are bound to keep on the left side of the road until they arrive at their homes. . . . The different buildings have the same form as those in China; rushes, or dry branches, or tiles, or boards are used for covering them. . . . At different seasons they scatter flowers about. Such are some of the different cus-

toms. The monasteries are constructed with extraordinary skill. A three-storied tower is erected at each of the four angles. The beams and projecting heads are carved with great skill in different shapes. The doors, windows, and low walls are painted profusely; the monk's cells are ornamental on the inside and plain on the outside. In the very middle of the building is the hall, high and wide. There are varied storied chambers and turrets of different height and shape, without any fixed rule." ⁵

Of fashions in dress he says,

"Their clothing is not cut or fashioned; they mostly affect fresh white garments; they esteem little those of mixed color or ornamented. The men wind their garments around their middle, then gather them round their armpits, and let them fall across the body, hanging to the right." ⁵ Speaking in particular of the two upper castes, the teachers and warriors, he adds,

"They mostly go barefoot; few wear sandals. They stain their teeth red or black; they bind up their hair and pierce their ears. They are very particular in their personal cleanliness. All wash before eating; they never use food left over from another meal. Wooden and stone vessels must be destroyed after use; metal ones must be well polished and rubbed. After eating they cleanse their mouths with a willow stick, and wash their hands and mouths." ⁵

The Hindu religion seems to have had a direct effect

on the behavior of the people because of their belief in transmigration, or re-birth into a lower caste or form of life, as punishment for any failure. Yuan Chuang says the people have a strong sense of honor and justice because "they dread the retribution of another state of existence, and make light of the things of the present world." ⁵

He was much struck with the prosperity of the country. Business was carried on through barter or by means of coins of gold or silver, or cowrie shells or pearls. The people ate wheaten cakes, parched grain, sugar, clarified butter, other preparations of milk, and sometimes fish, or mutton or venison as dainties. But no one could eat beef, the flesh of certain wild animals, onions or garlic, without losing caste and hence these were left to the out-castes who had nothing to lose!

According to Yuan Chuang, a man's education often lasted until he was thirty years old. Greatly impressed by the Indian respect for learning, Yuan Chuang visited the famous college at Nalanda in Bihar and stayed there five years. Students from all over the East attended this college, studying grammar, mechanics, medicine, logic and metaphysics.

When at last Yuan Chuang returned to his own country, it was with a warm affection for India, which like China, honored wisdom above everything else.



PEERS OF SCIENCE

Indian Discoveries

EARLY visitors to India were mystified by the burnished stone pillars of Asoka. How could he have known how to move and erect masses of such great weight?

The Iron Pillar of Delhi which dates about the year four hundred, stands over 28 feet high with a diameter beginning at 16.4 inches and diminishing to 12.04 inches. It was made of pure, rustless iron. This famous pillar was made four hundred years before the largest known foundry of the world could possibly have produced it.

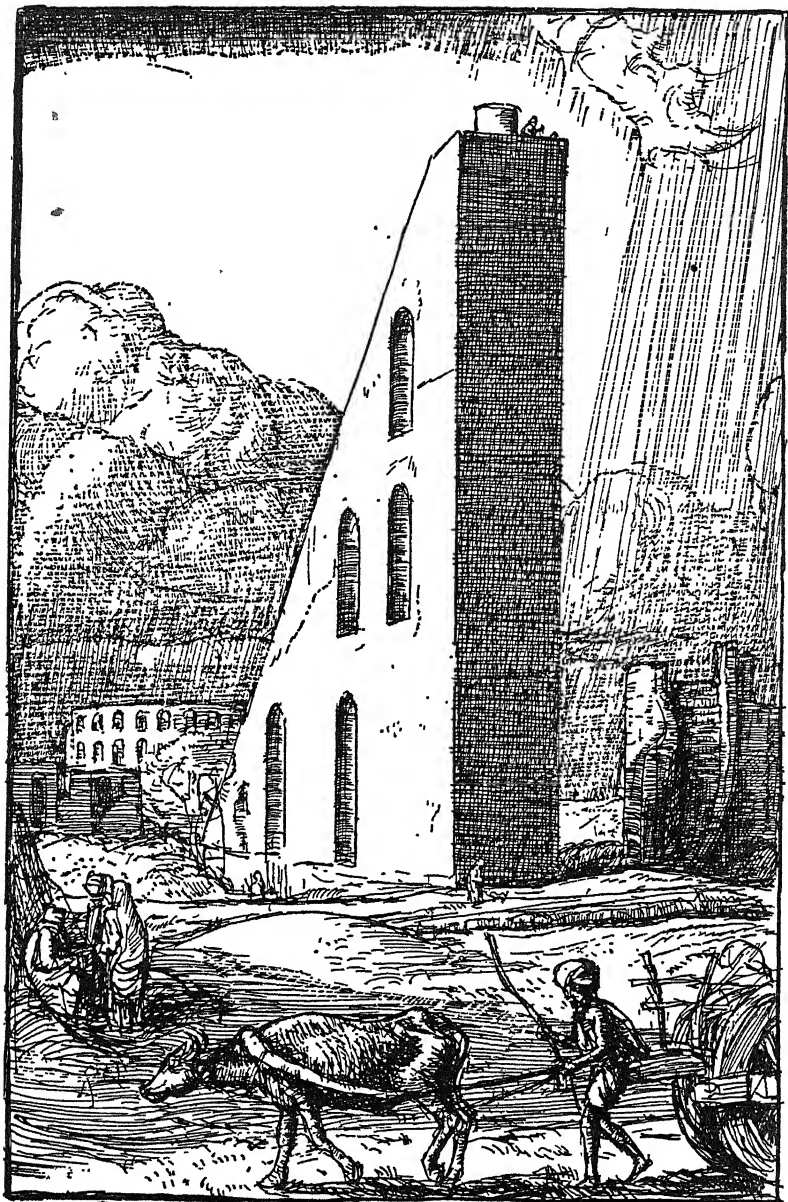
The Sultanganj Buddha of pure copper, cast in two

layers over an inner core, $7\frac{1}{2}$ feet high and weighing a ton, also dates about the year four hundred. For these wonders of engineering no explanation has been found.

Perhaps because the Indians have such good imaginations and are skillful in dealing with theories, they have given the world many of the important methods used in mathematics and the sciences. Some of these are very old indeed. Some of them date back to the "lost cities" period. Here, excavators found not only a decimal scale for measuring length, but potteries on which were decorative designs which seem to represent the fiery eruptions of the sun — solar prominences which can be seen with the naked eye during an eclipse.

Geometry probably began in the Vedic period, the early beginning of historical India. In the construction of places of sacrifice which involved rectangles, squares, circles and triangles, the Aryans seem to have used a method based on the lengths and arrangements of cords. They knew how to find the diagonal of a square, and were familiar with some elementary operations in arithmetic. But their knowledge of geometry appears to have been lost for a time during which algebra and arithmetic were being developed.

It is not entirely certain whether Arabic numbers came from India or not. Some scholars believe they did and that they reached Europe by way of Arabia. But we do know that by the year 499 the famous Indian mathema-



The Observatory at Delhi.

tician, Aryabhata, knew the theory of raising numbers to higher powers, understood the place value of digits and the use of the cipher — then signified by a dot — and how to compute roots and sines. Division and probably multiplication were also used.

The theory for computing the square on a diagonal — the Pythagorean theorem — is familiar to every high school geometry class, but that it was discovered by the Indian, Baudhayana, who was a contemporary of Pythagoras, is not nearly so well known.

Perhaps Indians love mathematics more than most other peoples because they use their imaginations not only in the creation of theories, but even in the statement of problems. There is both grace and poetry in an algebraic question when it is stated thus:

“Of a swarm of bees, one fifth settled on a Kadamba flower and one third on a Silindra blossom. Three times the difference of these two numbers flew to the bloom on a Cutaja. One bee remained over, hovering in the air, attracted at the same time by the charming perfume of a Jasmine and a Pandanus. Tell me, Charming One, the number of the bees.”⁸

There was also a calendar in use in Vedic times. We do not know whether or not the movement of planets was known, but we do know that by the fifth century, the Indians knew that the earth was round, and that they had ways of calculating eclipses of the sun and moon.

They also knew how to reckon longitude, using the city of Ujjain as the meridian. In the fifth century, Aryabhata had discovered that the earth rotated around the sun, but his theory was not accepted until later. He also had the idea of gravity long before Newton brought it to Europe, even though he did not state the theory of it. All this astronomical knowledge reached Europe through the Arabs. We do not know to what degree it influenced the development of science there.

We think of the theory of evolution as rather new, but Dr. Gobind Behari Lal says, "Rational thinking, systematic philosophy concerned with finding the best method to find the truth, glowed some twenty-six hundred or two thousand years ago and later. . . . The gods were dethroned, and their place was now taken by free, bold, and subtle 'universal laws,' physical and moral. . . . Kanada thought that the world was built of 'kanas,' atoms. A general theory of evolution was current. The Vedanta (Vedic) philosophy affirmed that there was no God apart from Nature . . . a conception amazingly like that of Energy in modern science." ⁷

Much of this scientific development which was lost when the great invasions from Central Asia began, started with fresh energy about the beginning of the twentieth century. Sir C. V. Raman received the Nobel Prize for scientific work, and there are many other Indian names famous in the field of scientific discovery.

But Indian scientists are not always serious. They, too, have a sense of humor. An amusing story is told of Professor Jagadish Chandra Bose. He once greatly pleased William Jennings Bryan, the crusader against rum, by using the sensitive plant to show that even it gets drunk on alcohol. Closing a plant in a glass chamber, he showed that it gave out certain rhythmic responses under normal conditions, but that when the chamber was filled with alcoholic vapors, it appeared to jump with delirious hilarity.⁷

Dr. Bose performed another experiment for George Bernard Shaw, the vegetarian. He showed that raw carrots, when pinched or pierced, gave out violent responses like "cries for help" which made Dr. Shaw most uncomfortable! ⁷

We are apt to forget that science was born in Asia. Yet every time that it moved from the East to the West, or from the West to the East, it grew stronger. In 1939 Dr. J. D. Bernal wrote, "In order to release the enormous potentialities for scientific development in the Indian people, it would be necessary to transform them into a self-reliant and free community. Perhaps the best workers for Indian science today are not the (Indian) scientists, but the political agitators who are struggling toward this end."⁹ With her freedom won, India is making swift scientific progress.



GREAT GRAMMAR

Sanskrit

ONLY a few of us enjoy the study of grammar and yet we all have to study it. Some great languages of the world, like Chinese, do not have grammar as we think of it, for they do not have inflection. But the languages of Europe and the Near East and India are inflected.

Centuries ago the culture of Europe and India were closely related, more closely than we today realize. Hindustani, one of the Indian languages, and English are not mutually understandable, and yet there are words which show their early relationship. For example our word ig-

nite comes from the same root as the Indian word *Agni*, the god of fire, hence *fire*.

We know that about three thousand years before Christ peoples then living near the Caspian Sea spoke related languages. About the year 2000 B.C. they began to move into other parts of the world, some to Greece and Italy, France and Spain, England and Scotland, and some to the region of the Danube where they established roots of the languages which later developed there. One great group of people went to Iran, and some of these were the Aryans who invaded northern India. These are the people whose records are in the *Vedas*.

Sanskrit developed slowly in India and, as we know, for centuries was not written down at all. It was the language in which the bards sang and the priests recounted the religious and epic records of their people. It became more and more the language of the learned, while the common people used the vernacular which is called Prakrit.

In the last millennium before Christ, language began to be divided into parts of speech. The first grammar actually written was that of the famous Panini, who must have lived about the fourth century before Christ. This book is very important because it "is the earliest scientific grammar in the world, the earliest extant grammar of any language, and one of the greatest ever written." ⁸

But the writing of a grammar did not mean that written language had come into common use. Written language was slowly forming but it was probably not until the sixth century after Christ that the Vedas were written.

As written records developed in various parts of the world, it was necessary to find good material upon which to write. The Egyptians used papyrus; the Chinese bamboo; in the North, the Indians used talipot palm leaves and in the South palmyra palm leaves. Some specimens of the palm leaf writing have been preserved. It is amazing to see the beautiful, painstakingly-written words on the fragile leaves.

As in China, the Indian people themselves did not seem to know which was their oldest book. The oldest handwritten, not printed, extant book of India was found by Lieutenant Bower in Turkestan in 1890. It is dated A.D. 350. But other books were also being written about this time. One of the most famous of these was *The Laws of Manu* in which were set down rules of behavior for people of differing social groups or castes. By the time the Chinese pilgrim, Yuang Chuang, reached the College of Nalanda in the seventh century, there were plenty of books in India.

Indian literature, which had begun with the Vedic times, grew and in time came to include much beautiful

poetry and drama. But the rest of the world did not know about it until Europeans who came to open up trade, discovered it.

The story of the discovery runs like this. In 1583 a group of English merchants arrived in India. They had been sent by Queen Elizabeth to lay the foundations of trade between the two countries. After many difficulties they arrived at the court of the great Akbar. Even though India was under the rule of Mongol conquerors, it was a brilliant period of her history. But these Englishmen were interested in trade rather than in India's culture. What was carried back by the one who returned to his home land, and through other travelers who began more and more to come to the East, was not an account of her culture but a report of the richness and strangeness of India.

This interest in the curious aspects of the country led to the growth of travel literature, which, like such literature today, rarely helps one to understand a people. However, from this source, many tales of India reached the West, and these built up an atmosphere surrounding what was called the Silken East. Under the influence of this atmosphere, John Milton wrote his *Paradise Lost* which is full of references to India. When he speaks of Adam and Eve taking refuge beneath a tree after they have eaten the forbidden fruit, he does not use a tree of England but the Indian banyan tree. He says:

They chose

The fig tree, not that kind for fruit renowned,
But such as, at this day to Indians known,
In Malabar or Deccan spreads her arms,
Branching so broad and long, that in the ground
The bended twigs take root, and daughters grow
About the mother tree, a pillared shade,
High over-arched, with echoing walls between. . .

More and more travelers of different nationalities came to India. Many of them learned Persian, and through this medium Europe became better acquainted with India. In the seventeenth century a Frenchman took home a French translation of the Indian Sanskrit *Upanishads*. But still there was no translation from Sanskrit into English though the need for it grew ever more pressing. After several trials, England had succeeded in establishing trade with India through the British East India Company. In 1750, Warren Hastings went abroad as a young clerk in this company. He was ambitious and able, and tried to establish the company more firmly. But one thing which was needed was a system of laws which took into account existing Indian laws and in order to write such a book there was real urgency to understand Sanskrit.

Finally, in 1785, the first Sanskrit book was translated into English. This was the *Bhagavad Gita* or *Song Celestial* from the great epic *Mahabharata*. Only a few years

Sanskrit immediately began to have great influence in Europe. It affected the study of grammar, becoming the basis of the whole study of languages which we call philology. It added the rich philosophy of the Indian mind to that of men like Schopenhauer and Kant, in Europe; Coleridge, Shelley and Wordsworth in England and America. Wordsworth is speaking almost like an Indian when he writes:

To every natural form, rock, fruit or flower,
Even the loose stones that cover the highway,
I gave a moral life; I saw them feel,
Or linked them to some feeling: the great mass
Lay bedded in a quickening soul, and all
That I beheld respired with inward meaning.⁸

Emerson read Sanskrit literature in translation. The feeling he drew from it can easily be found in his poems. *The Cloud Messenger*, the beautiful lyric by Schiller, was inspired by the Himalayas; and two of Heine's finest poems are full of the spirit of India. The translation of *Sakuntala* so greatly affected Goethe that he planned his prologue to *Faust* along the lines of the prologue of this Indian poem.

Perhaps the greatest discovery of the nineteenth century is this wealth of Indian literature. Certainly no other gift of India has so greatly affected the thinking and feeling of Europe and all the Western world.

Along with the discovery of Indian literature, came another of great importance. This is made by Sir William Jones, who became president of the Asiatic Society of Bengal — the discovery that Sanskrit is related to English and to most European languages, for all these spring from a common source. The Indians of the East and we of the West have had this heritage in common for thousands of years.

But though so much had already been discovered, research did not stop. The monoliths of Asoka still stood with their inscriptions unread. No one had the clue with which to decipher them. Finally, in 1834, James Prinsep, an Englishman, began a long and careful piece of research and at last was able to translate the Brahmi inscriptions which up to that time had been shrouded in mystery. The history of India before the time of the Muhammedan invaders now became known. The unknown languages of India could no longer hide her greatest riches from the world.



“EARTH AND HEAVEN COMBINED”

Kalidasa

INDIAN and Elizabethan theaters seem to have been a good deal alike. The stage was a plain wooden floor. At the back of it was hung a curtain behind which the actors could retire. The stage was set up in a courtyard of either palace or private house. Though there was scarcely any scenery, there was always the stage fool Vidhusaka. The plays were usually about jumbled love affairs which had to be straightened out, but had little action and no violence.

In India the word *nataka*, or drama, comes from the Sanskrit word *nr̥it* which means to dance. From Vedic

times on, the people loved dancing, recitations, and presentations of historic events. Panini, the grammarian, speaks of actors singing as early as 400 B.C. He describes pantomime acting while a speaker declaimed off stage. Jayadeva's famous lyrical dialog, *Gita Govinda*, *Song of the Cowherd*, was a step between poetry and actual drama. Perhaps the earliest plays were a good deal like the early European miracle and mystery plays.

One of the earliest dramas is *The Toy Cart* which was written, supposedly, by a man otherwise unknown, a king named Sudraka. It is the story of life in Ujjain in the fifth century. This play became very famous and was later played in Germany.

Kalidasa, the poet-dramatist, is supposed to have lived in Ujjain about the year 400. No one else began to be as great or as famous as he, for what he did affected not only India, but Europe as well. It is said of him, "Of the arts, the best is the drama; of dramas, *Sakuntala*; of *Sakuntala*, the fourth act; of that act the verses in which Kanva bids farewell to his adopted daughter." This play of Kalidasa's was translated into German by Forster in 1791. Goethe said of it in his famous epigram,

Wouldst thou the young year's blossoms and fruits of its
decline,
And all by which the soul is charmed, enraptured,
feasted, fed,

Wouldst thou the earth and Heaven itself in one sole
name combine?

I name thee, O Sakuntala! and all at once is said.⁸

Raja Rao, descendant of an ancient Brahmin family and writer for French journals, gives an amusing account of the première of *Sakuntala*. There had been complaining among the actors as they practiced for their parts — certain parts were vulgar, or beneath the dignity of the dramatic art. . . . Kalidasa answers them by saying to one of the actresses,

"And pray, dainty lady, what great Sun-family do you come from? As you know, I am an ox-driver's son!" The lady did not reply directly but chirruped to another, "Look my dear, Kalidasa has gone Sudra! (low caste)"

The professional clown put in,

"If ox-drivers make poetry in our times,
No wonder children fall from coconut trees —"

Kalidasa went home angry and fell asleep. When he awakened and had been bathed and anointed with oil and scent, and dressed for the play, he knew he was very handsome. "As he moved through the evening streets, the clay lamps sputtering with the new-lit wicks, and the banana festoons hissing against the chariot wheels, and the gay-decked men and women riding out to the Palace,

a great flash of delight entered him and he said to himself, 'Something great is happening — not to me, O not to me — but to this earth.' And, grateful, he shouted to the charioteer, 'Turn right and to the Temple.'

" 'Sir,' he answered, reining up, ' — we should be late.' "

But they went to the Temple and in haste. Before the priest knew what was taking place, Kalidasa made deep obeisance and cried to the heavens, "Great God it is Yours, it is all Yours."

They rushed on then to the Palace. The drums struck up the March of Victory. The play started.

Through most of it, Kalidasa was in deep misery. How badly it was done! The audience laughed. Were they making fun of him? No, they were asking for the part over again. He watched it, disgruntled. The movement of the play throbbed and held the audience and spurred them on. So — it was not going to be so bad!

At the end during the closing lines, the people stood up:

May kingship benefit the land,
And wisdom grow in scholar's band;
May Siva see my faith on earth
And make me free from all re-birth!

The King arose and resting one hand on the Prime Minister's shoulder and the other on Kalidasa, spoke to the assembled people.

"Minister, Cousins, Kings and my people. I have conquered many lands, I have beaten many enemies, I have brought paddy (food) where there was poverty, and milk where water was scarce. But when I am gone, not this my conquest, not this my plenty will be remembered, but I think and I hope and I beg the Gods, that this day be commemorate, that Kalidasa has written *Sakuntala* in my reign, and that it was acted before me."

The actors on the stage sang the hymn from the third act:

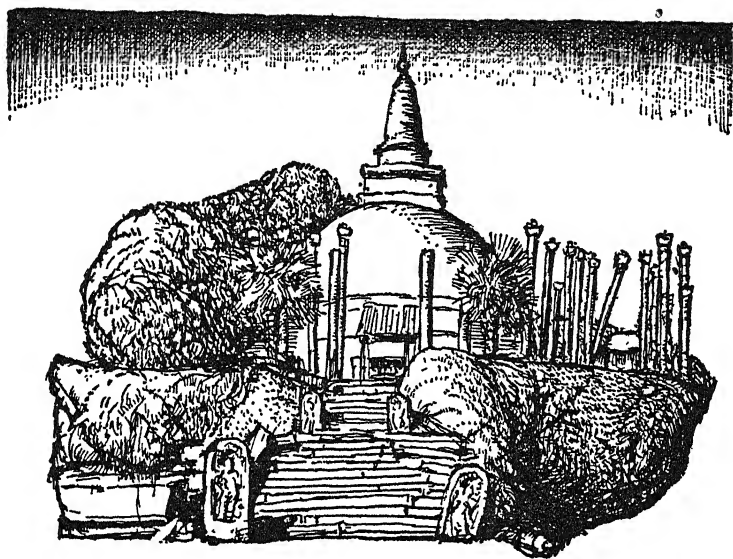
Vice bends before the royal rod,
Strife ceases at your kingly nod;
You are a strong defender,
Friends come to all whose wealth is sure,
But you alike to rich and poor
Are friend both strong and tender.
Victory to the Victorious! . . .

Outside the music sounded. And to the astonishment of all, the King himself led Kalidasa to his chariot.

Restless on his bed that night, Kalidasa waited for the dawn. When he rose he looked at himself in the mirror.

How old he had grown! "How vain, how ridiculous," he thought, "are all human attainments — even the most unsurpassable!" At the first audience of the King he went and begged permission to go on a pilgrimage to the Himalayas.

The King's wish came true. Few know of him, but millions, in many lands, know of Kalidasa's *Sakuntala* and love it well.¹⁰



DAGOBAS AND THE SEVEN PAGODAS

Culture to the South

THE GREAT island of Ceylon, lying off the southernmost tip of India, has been part of that country from very ancient times. Five hundred years before Christ people from the northern part of India settled there. Later, other peoples from southern India, the best known of which are the Tamils, also went there.

When the first of the famous Chinese pilgrims to India, Fa Hsien, started back to China, he visited Ceylon because he had heard that Buddhism was flourishing

there. The great city of Anuradhapura, the capital, was at its best. Here was the Brazen Palace, nine stories high, with its sixteen hundred pillars, and its bronze roofs, sheltering the great Buddha of jasper who held in his hand the huge pearl.

Buddhism was carried to Ceylon by the missionary son and daughter of Asoka, the great Buddhist unifier of India, in the year 246. They took with them as a sacred symbol, a branch of the *bo* tree, under which Buddha was said to have been sitting when his great enlightenment came. They planted the cutting in the city. It grew and is still growing. It is pointed out to visitors as the oldest historical tree in the world.

No doubt Fa Hsien saw this. He also saw processions and religious festivals. One of the sacred relics carried in the ceremonial procession was a tooth of the Buddha, said to have been smuggled into Ceylon, hidden in the hair of a princess.

Another, and perhaps one of the most interesting of Ceylon's historical treasures was being constructed at about the time of Fa Hsien's visit. This was the isolated fortress known as Sigiri, or "Lion's Rock." It is a place of winding passages and deep, dark rooms which would seem to threaten any who tried to attack it.

Fa Hsien must have been impressed by the sight of the enormous dagobas, or bulbous towers, particularly those of Ruanveli and Mirisvetiya, their dazzling whiteness re-

splendent against the vivid green, which is Ceylon's own color. These dagobas which had come from the memorial mounds or stupas of India were to emerge in later times, as the pagodas of China. These pagodas dot the Chinese countryside — standing guardians of high peaks, nestling cozily in deep ravines, rising daintily from bamboo-clad hills. In India, the stupas were built to house religious relics of the Buddha, but in China they came to be more closely connected with the fortune of a location — what the Chinese call “the wind and water” of a place.

You will remember that one of the earliest native people of India were the black-skinned Dravidian-speaking tribes living in the southernmost tip of the sub-continent, often referred to as the point of the peninsula. These tribes came, in time, to be divided into three groups. The group that lived farthest south was the Pandyas. We know something of them from the second great Chinese pilgrim, Yuan Chuang. He says that their country was hot and that the people themselves were short-tempered and determined. He was struck by the fact that they were interested almost entirely in commerce and did not seem to care at all about learning. He was disturbed that they showed no special interest either in Buddhism or in Jainism. In fact, only a short time after his visit, one of the Pandian kings started a persecution of the Jains in which it is said that about eight thousand died.

Of the Cholas, who lived just north and to the east of

the Pandyas, Yuan Chuang also writes disparagingly. He says of their country, "It is deserted and wild, a succession of marshes and jungles. The population is very small and troops of brigands go through the country openly. The climate is hot, the manners of the people dissolute and cruel. The disposition of the men is naturally fierce; they are attached to heretical teaching. The monasteries are ruined and dirty, as well as the priests." ²

However, the Cholas were to come to importance through their leader, Rajaraja the Great, who came to power in the tenth century. By conquest he took all the lands of the Pandyas and encouraged foreign trade there. He even captured Ceylon. Then he turned northward and his armies reached the Ganges River where we are told "the war elephants of the Cholas drank the waters of the Ganges at Mannai, and Kadaram, where the roaring crystal waves washed the sand mixed with red gold, was annexed."² The Cholas were the greatest power on the Bay of Bengal.

Much can be learned about the civilization of the Cholas from the inscriptions on their great temples. Villages governed themselves through an assembly for which representatives were chosen by lot. The business of the assembly was to manage the treasury and to administer justice. The State claimed one sixth of the produce. The currency was gold.

The Chola kings were great builders and whatever they built was constructed on an enormous scale. Perhaps one of their most striking achievements was the invention of a great irrigation system. It centered in an artificial lake which was sixteen miles long, and had stone sluices and channels; dams of cut stone thrown across rivers were part of the scheme.

Chola cities were carefully planned around the central temple which was crowned with a massive tower. In one famous temple in Tangore, the tower rises like a pyramid to the height of one hundred and ninety feet, and is thirteen stories high. Its very top is surmounted by a block of stone twenty feet high and weighing at least eighty tons. One can but guess as to how this was put in place!

The temples usually had large enclosures around them in the center of which was a tank used for ceremonial cleansing in connection with religious worship. This tank was often surrounded on four sides by a colonnade with pillared cloisters, and had steps running down to the water.

The people of the South were also to become famous for their casting. Some of the finest copper statues of kings and saints and Hindu gods come from them.

Their language was and still is, to a large extent, Tamil. The earliest collections of their writings were moral epigrams which teach about the responsibilities of people,

the virtues of unselfishness, and ideals which today we would call Christian.

Although Tamil poetry is not religious, it shows the influence of the Jains. When the great attack was made against the Jains, Hinduism grew stronger. From this Tamil-speaking area came the great philosopher, San-kara, who wrote many commentaries on Hindu books.

Another very important leader was Ramanuja, the first teacher of what the Indians call Bhakti, or the Way of Devotion, a way of thinking and living still followed by many of India's great men. It is like Christianity in many ways. Dr. L. D. Barnett says of this man, "It was in the school of Ramanuja that was first blended the . . . worship of a Supreme Being of infinitely blessed qualities . . . who may be reached by any suppliant who worships him in perfect, self-forgetting love."¹¹

One of the later Tamil poets wrote the beautiful hymn beginning,

New anigh Indra's East
Draws the sun; dark flies apace
At the dawn; and the sun
Of the kindness in thy face
Riseth high'r, ever high'r,
As like flowers opening,
Eyes uncloze from their sleep,
Eyes of Thee, our beauteous King.³

The third group of Dravidian-speakers, the Pallavas, who held the country just north of the Cholas, seem to have been made up of several tribes which had long lived in this part of India. In Tamil their name means rascal or robber. Their capital, Kanchi, was a very important center of learning. Here again we can learn something of these people from the Chinese Yuan Chuang. He spent the monsoon season in the city. He remarks again, when discussing southern India, that the climate was hot; but of these tribes he says that they were honest, courageous and loved learning. Their language was only slightly different from that of the tribes of northern India. Many religious sects flourished. It was a pleasant land for it was fertile, produced many flowers and fruits, and was rich in precious stones.

These Pallavas were an artistic people. Their great king, Narasimhavarnam, (A.D. 625-645) excavated many cave temples which he decorated with fine reliefs. Even more famous than these is the natural wall of rock whose side is covered with sculptures in relief. These are known as Arjuna's Penance, though today it is thought that they are part of a Buddhist legend.

Most remarkable of all the Pallavan art is a group of monolithic temples called the Seven Pagodas. Each of these is carved from a single granite boulder standing upon the seashore. The work is beautiful and graceful.

Unfortunately it seems to have been interrupted, perhaps by an invader, before it was finished.

The people of southern India whom we call the Dravidian-speakers, did not really resemble one another. The name Dravidian groups them by language rather than by type. Although their culture and history were quite separate from those of northern India, still their art and language and religious development added greatly to the rich heritage of the whole of India.



PEACEFUL PASTIMES

Games

CHESS is one of the most universal and best-loved games in the world. There are many stories as to its origin, but those who have studied the question most carefully agree that chess came from India.

In India chess is called *charturanga* which means the four *angas*, or parts, of an army. This word *anga*, often used in the writings of the early epic poets, refers to actual armies.

Sir William Jones, who has been mentioned before as the great student of Sanskrit, translated one of the very old Vedic books, the *Bhavishya Purana*, in which a four-

handed game of chess played with dice is described. Sir William further studied Persian books and came to believe that the game originated in India, perhaps four or five thousand years ago, and that it was carried to Persia in the sixth century, and then, through the Arabs, reached Europe about a century later.

Beside the fact that chess has a very old Indian name, it is interesting to know that the pieces used in playing it also have names of Indian origin. This does not appear in the English translation of the names, but in the Arabic where, for example, the name of the bishop is "Indian ox," or elephant.

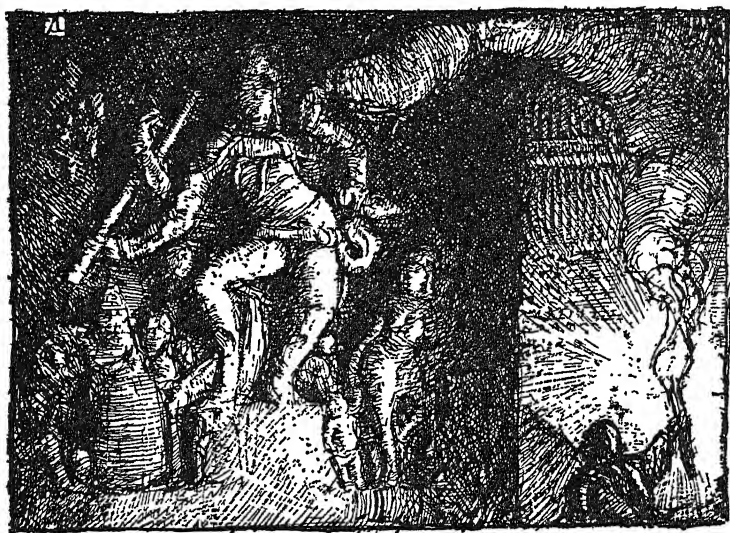
Some of the stories connected with the invention of chess, which may of course be only myths, are amusing. Sir William Jones was told by an Indian teacher, or *pandit*, that the game of chess was mentioned in the oldest Indian law book. He further told him that it had been invented by the wife of one of the kings of Ceylon, Ravan, to keep his mind off the fact that his capital city was being attacked. This story might make us think that chess came from Ceylon.

Perhaps this story has some relation to another one which is often told. As we know, Asoka, the great Buddhist leader of India, was opposed to the use of force. His son and daughter carried his teachings to Ceylon where they were warmly received. In India, it is said — and so perhaps in Ceylon — men who liked to pit their wits

against each other could no longer do so with actual armies so they substituted a *game* of armies, using the military titles, and giving expression to their aggressive impulses and their strategic cleverness in this perfectly harmless way. And so it would seem that the rise of Buddhism helped to develop the game of chess.

Dating back, as it probably does, to the lost cities, where relics of an ancient game played on a chess-like board have been found, and still popular today, chess is perhaps the oldest of table games. It is referred to in Vedic books and seems to be connected with Buddhism before the time of Christ.

Another game which seems certainly to have come from India is one played and enjoyed by children — parchesi. This game is also sometimes called *pachisi* and it is this name which shows its Indian origin. For *pachis* is Hindustani for twenty-five, which is the highest throw in the game. Parchesi is played a good deal like backgammon, which probably originated in Europe. Both games combine chance and skill.



CAVES OF COURTLINESS

Ajanta, Bagh, Ellora

THE ART of India centers around its religions. The painting of anything except deities was not thought proper. The Indians say, "Even a misshapen image of God is always better than an image of man. . . ."

Indian artists of ancient times used their skill to serve their religion and so expected no recognition or praise. Such acclaim would have seemed as unreasonable as praise for a farmer who tilled his fields.

The greatest of all Indian architecture is that of her temples. The oldest and most famous of these are the

Buddhist cave-temples at Ajanta, Bagh, and Ellora in central India which is known as the Deccan.

It must be that in some prehistoric time, a stream cut through the rocky hills of the Deccan, leaving bare walls of stone. About two hundred years before Christ, Buddhist monks hewed caves, in these walls, to make monasteries and chapter halls. The work probably continued slowly through several hundred years. These caves are exquisitely adorned with paintings and frescoes which depict much of Indian life. The construction of the halls and chapels is most interesting because it shows the change from the decorated caves to the temples — cave-temples — which are entire buildings hewn out of the rocks.

The paintings on the walls of the Ajanta caves are perhaps the most beautiful of all the cave-paintings. Some idea of the size of this group of caves can be grasped when we learn that at one time, four thousand monks, scholars and attendants lived and prayed in them. The paintings found here on the walls are not huge murals but vary in size — averaging perhaps between two and four feet in height and breadth. It is hard to imagine their beauty without seeing the colors. For the most part the shades are very delicate — greens, browns, oranges, with an occasional use of ebony. The light in the paintings seems to be diffused over the whole picture. One of the most strik-

ing features in these paintings is the portrayal of the balance of the bodies and the grace of the hands.

For these paintings depict people — gods and goddesses, kings and nobles, and their ladies and maid servants. There are graceful bodies, bare to the waist, languid and at ease. The veilings which drape them are almost transparent. They have jewelled headdresses and ornate hair arrangements. Their wrists are slender and the fingers long and tapering. Gentleness is in every suggested movement.

A king stands surrounded by his women attendants. Two lovers converse on a façaded balcony. A princess is making her toilet, her hips swathed in a girdle heavy with jewels, while a maid holds a tray of ointments for her use. A noble couple, half reclining on a couch, seem to be listening to music. She is fair while he is dark. Ladies on a small balcony are watching a sword festival. A king is going hunting with his white fillet. Elephants in flat-bottomed boats are being taken to battle, some of them bearing archers beneath great umbrellas.

Some of the murals tell of the historic events in the life of Samudragupta, a great ruler who came just before Harsha. There are pictures of his court with the poets, musicians, astrologers, mathematicians, sculptors and painters. Even after hundreds of years one can almost see the banners floating and the tapestries glinting in the warm sun as one looks at the rich colors.



Giant Bull of Siva, City of Mysore.

Other murals form a series based on the life of the Buddha. There is "The Sleep of the Women," on the night of his escape from his palace. "The Beautiful Bodhisattva" pictures a follower of Buddha. There are many with similar titles. A particularly lovely one is simply called "Tara." It was probably painted in about the fifth century. It is the picture of a woman who stands at ease against a pillar. She wears a jewelled headdress and holds a flower. The symmetry and balance of her position and the meditative expression on her face cannot be described.

These paintings tell us a great deal about Indian life. Houses are of wood with pillared verandas — the Indian word for porch — while we see how chariots and boats are shaded with awnings. The usual garment is the loin cloth, nothing being worn above the waist. W. Rothenstein writes of the whole impression, "On the hundred walls and pillars of these rock-carved temples, a vast drama moves before our eyes: a drama played by princes and sages and heroes, by men and women of every condition, against a marvellously varied scene, among forests and gardens, in courts and cities, on wide plains, and in deep jungles, while above, the messengers of heaven move swiftly across the sky. From all these emanates a great joy in the surpassing radiance of the face of the world, in the physical nobility of men and women, and the strength and grace of animals, and the loveliness and purity of birds and flowers."

The group of caves at Bagh date from about the same period as those of Ajanta but are fewer in number. One of the most beautiful paintings here is again a bodhisattva. This one was painted in the sixth century. Its coloring is especially lovely, the soft light diffused from above adding to the sweetness of the face. Another one of the same subject viewed slightly in profile is striking for the thoughtfulness it expressed. One of the interesting things about all these wall paintings is that as one looks at them, beginning with the very oldest, one tends to feel that the refinement of the faces increases with passing time.

The most famous of the cave-temples, the temples cut entirely from rock, in contrast to decorated caves, are those at Ellora just south of Ajanta. Here is the Visvakarma cave with its two-storied façade and the huge seated Buddha. Another, the Das Avatura or cave of Ten Avatars is two-storied and is surrounded by small chapels. Here the gods are not Buddhist but Hindu, so that instead of the gentle Buddha and his followers, there is the figure of the terrible Siva.

The amount of work in these cave-temples is beyond conception. Yet, in one respect, it was perhaps simpler to carve them from solid rock that was already there, than it would have been to quarry the rocks and move them to a distant site, over bad roads, and then raise buildings which might not have been half so beautiful. For it is impossible to describe the beauty of the cave-temples

with their intricate façades, decorated pillars, images, and fine designs. In both the cave paintings of Ajanta and Bagh, and the cave-temples of Ellora, the Indian art is comparable to great Florentine art — as graceful, delicate, and human. The cave-temples are especially interesting as they were used as models for the structural temples of a later period.



BARDS AND BEAUTIES OF THE BLUE-BLOODS

The Rajputs

THE STORY of the development of India as a nation has been interrupted in order to show how she was growing in other ways — in her science and literature, and in the contributions of her peoples to the South and in the Deccan — and to make clear how all these have part in the India of today. We have now to go back to a time just after the death of Harsha who was the great

leader of the Indians in the North at the time of the first famous Chinese pilgrim, Fa Hsien.

In the two centuries after Harsha's death, strange things happened. Central Asian tribes came across the old northwest frontier, organized themselves into a kingdom, and called themselves the "Sons of Kings." They announced themselves to be the real blue-bloods, kin of the Sun and Moon and Sacred Fire of the oldest Hindu tradition. Even today there are thirty-six Rajput clans who trace their family trees to this mythological root.

The Rajputs solved the caste difficulty by saying that they were of the Kshatriya or warrior caste. The Hindus accepted them as such, honoring their ability to link themselves with heroic times. It was not long before it seemed best to forget all but that they were descended from the best blood of India. They were haughty and domineering; they liked to gather learned men around them, and encouraged bards and actors. They considered that their part of India extended from Afghanistan to the central portion of the Himalayas and southward over the area of the Punjab.

It seems that no person was as important to the Rajputs as the bard. He was the historian, the guardian of their unwritten history, the authority on the extremely important matter of family trees. He registered births and marriages and deaths, and he had the last word as to how properties should be divided. He was the guarantor in

the making of contracts. If, however, a contract were broken, he committed suicide and this brought terrible curses on those who had failed to stand by their agreements.

Every Rajput boy was educated first for war. When he reached adolescence he was initiated into the knight-hood which was suggestive of medieval Europe.

When he grew to be a man, he spent most of the time not taken up in warfare, in hawking or doing feats of arms. His leisure time was spent in drinking opium water, while dancing girls performed for his entertainment. But warfare was almost continual for clan loyalty was very strong and trouble arose at the slightest infringement of clan boundaries.

The ballads of the bards are of war and of women. Some of them tell of the night before battle, some of the *Maiden's Choice*. In contrast to the later custom of child-marriage, the Rajput woman chose her own husband. It was a very old custom dating from Vedic times. Suitors to a girl's hand assembled amid much merrymaking, and the bride-to-be chose the one she would have and indicated him by throwing a garland of flowers around his neck. The bards also sang of Rajput women who went into battle with their husbands and who, if the husband were killed, mounted the funeral pyre to die with him. For Rajput women were proud, and when invaders came they would commit mass sui-

cide rather than give themselves up to the enemy. This practice grew into the *suttee* or voluntary death of a wife whenever her husband died for any reason whatever and this developed into the idea that widowhood was disgraceful.

But Rajput bards did not sing only of wars and of their women. Other great literature comes from them. One of the most important poetic compositions of this time is Jayadeva's *Gita-Govinda*, or "Song of the Cowherd." It is half-drama, half-lyric and tells of the love of the god, Krishna, and the milkmaids, and in particular his favorite, Radha. Thousands of legends and stories have gathered around this theme and many miniature paintings and much sculpture picture the hide-and-seek gambols of Krishna and the pretty girls in the forest. A verse of the Song will convey some idea of its charm:

One, with star-blossomed champak, woos him to rest, his
 head
On the dark pillow of her breast so tenderly outspread,
And o'er her brow with roses blown she fans the fragrance rare,
That falls on the enchanted sense like rain in thirsty air;
While the company of damsels wave many an odorous
 spray,
And Krishna, laughing, toying, sighs the soft spring
 away.²

Kashmir was part of the Rajput territory and here, too, great literature was being written. *The River of Kings*, the only historical book of the Hindus, is a chronicle in meter; *The Ocean of Tales*, the Indian *Arabian Nights*, was written by Somadeva about this time.

The Rajputs were magnificent builders and much that they built still remains and adds to the glory of India. They loved artificial lakes and bristling fortresses perched on inaccessible rocks. They made their temples with bulging spires and decorated their walls with rich sculpture.

Two of the most beautiful of their temples are those of *Vimala Shah* and *Tej Pal*. The halls are of pure white marble, beautifully mellowed by time. They have been described as of "lace-like delicacy into which the patient chisel of the Hindu has carved the white marble."¹² The pendant which hangs from the dome within the *Tej Pal* is beyond description, for in the words of a famous writer, "It appears like a cluster of half-disclosed lotus, whose cups are so thin, so transparent, and so accurately wrought, that it fixes the eye in admiration."¹²

We have now come to one of the most beautiful forms of Indian art — the decoration of marble by meticulous carving. Nowhere else in the world is there to be found beauty so paintakingly made, so delicate and full of grace as this.

But the riches of the Rajput kingdom invited invasion.

The Muhammedans, first under Sabuktagin, father of Mahmud, and then under Mahmud himself, began a series of attacks which were carried out every year. And each time the Muhammedans carried away great booty. Once, it is said, Mahmud carried back to his capital, Ghazni, in Afghanistan, "jewels and unbored pearls and rubies, shining like sparks or like wine congealed with ice, emeralds like fresh springs of myrtle, and diamonds in size and weight like pomegranates." ¹²

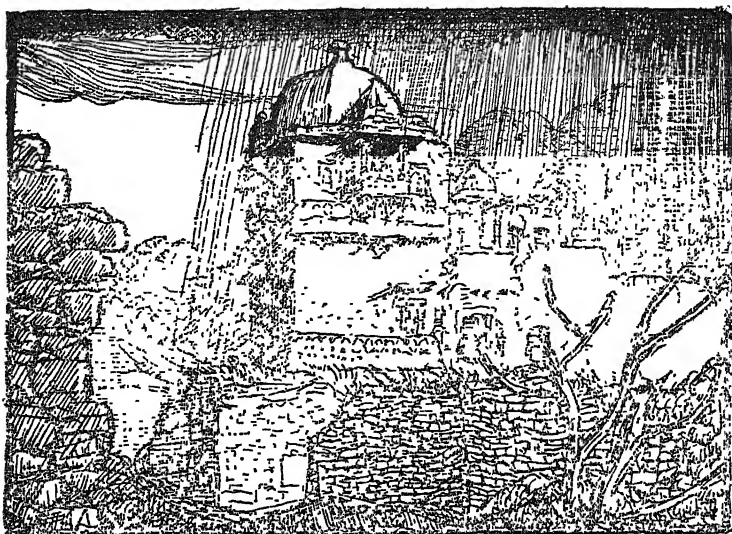
Mahmud pushed on farther and farther south. He reached Somnath, which stands on the west coast, north of the present city of Bombay. He felt strong and triumphant as he looked out over the sea. However, there on the beach, stood a magnificent temple sacred to *lingam*, a symbol stone of the god, Siva, to which thousands of pilgrims daily brought offerings of water from the Ganges. The temple was richly endowed and, with its accompanying buildings, made up a town.

This wonderful sight was too much for Mahmud, so he determined to seize the town and its treasures. In December, 1023, he started from Ghazni with thirty thousand of his best men. Marching across the intervening desert, he reached the city and broke through the fortresses. Stunned, the people beat on their breasts and called on the great Siva of the temple to save them, but in vain. The attack became stronger — fifty thousand Hindus died; hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of

loot was taken; and the sacred *lingam* stone broken. Mahmud had part of the stone carried back to Ghazni where it was buried beneath the threshold of the mosque, to be trodden under the feet of thousands of worshippers.

Because the caste system relegated fighting to the warrior group, and there were not enough in this group to fight back, India could not repel the continuous attack of the Moslems, or Muhammedans, as they are also called. Then, too, because India was not unified and therefore weak, she fell to the invader.

The conquest of India by the Moslems cost the world untold beauty. Because they felt it wrong to make any image of any god, the invaders broke and ruined Indian masterpieces wherever they went. For Indian art is a religious art and its theme is the gods.



MONUMENTS OF THE MOSLEMS

Muhammedans as Masters

THE MOSLEMS controlled India. A period of puppet rule by the Slave Kings, with Delhi as their capital, began. This period lasted for three hundred years. Sometimes the Slave Kings controlled only a small area around Delhi, sometimes their power extended almost to the tip of India. But since that time, Delhi, which has been rebuilt eight times, has been almost continuously in the news.

The Moslems appreciated the natural beauties and riches of India. Mahmud himself said, "The whole coun-

try of India is full of jewels and gold, and the plants which grow there are those fit for the making of wearing apparel, and aromatic plants and sugar cane, and the whole aspect of the country is pleasant and delightful.”² This appreciation of what he found meant that some adjustment between the Moslems and the peoples of India had to be worked out. Mahmud gave the Indians the choice between conversion to Islam or death by the sword! Lovers of books, whether Hindu, Jew, Christian, or Buddhist, could pay a poll tax and live. But all signs of idolatry had to be destroyed — “grind images to powder, raze temples to the ground.”

With all the natural riches of the country at hand, the Moslems began to create their own monuments. Many of these still stand. One of them, eleven miles southwest of Old Delhi is the Kubt Minar, an amazing tower which rises and tapers to a height of more than two hundred feet. Its lower three stories are of red sandstone, the other three of white marble. The sides are fluted and each story has a richly decorated balcony. The surface of the stone is covered with beautifully carved inscriptions memorializing the sultans who built it or restored it from time to time. It seems massive, and yet when one looks from its base up toward its towering height, it seems to sway delicately against the brilliant Indian sky. It is thought by some to surpass in beauty any monumental shaft in the world.

Near the Kubt Minar stands a magnificent archway, once part of the Mosque of the Might of Islam, which was built of fragments of twenty-seven Hindu temples. The arch was erected by the first sultan, or Slave King, of Delhi — Kutb-ud-din Ibak. He was famous for his gifts and for his massacres, and for the fact that he always rode on a white elephant. The elephant was usually well-behaved, but on one occasion it refused to salaam before King Muhammed Ghori to whom it was loaned, and later nearly killed him as he tried to ride it. So King Muhammed Ghori thought it best to return the elephant to his owner!

Many stories have gathered around this period of Moslem rule of India. They are based on fact but time has added glamor to them.

One of these stories is that of the successor to the first sultan of Delhi, Iltumish, who left his throne to his daughter Razziya. Such a bequest was unheard of! Nor did the people want to accept a woman as their leader. They insisted that her brother be the one to rule them. However, the kingdom soon began to fall to pieces so they changed their minds and gave her back her rightful power.

Meanwhile, the governors of neighboring provinces, thinking that it was a good time to seize control of this

kingdom, organized themselves into a group known as "The Forty." Razziya, realizing that the forces in Delhi were weak, and knowing that all she could do was simply to await the attack, thought of a scheme to save herself. She started a rumor that there was treason among "The Forty." This led to so much confusion and panic that by sending her cavalry against them, she was able to overcome them.

While she was reestablishing her rule in the Punjab and in Hindustan she was appearing in public as a woman dressed gracefully in silks, with her face modestly hidden. But now that she had become a conqueror, she dressed as a man, and herself led her chieftains into battle. Naturally, her people were very much astonished at such a change, but because of what she was able to accomplish, accepted her.

Things might have gone on smoothly had it not been that at this point she made the fatal mistake of falling in love with an African, Yaqut. Because he was black-skinned, the people turned against her; they said it was "against the hair," much as we would say it "rubbed them the wrong way." From this time on she had to fight to keep her leadership among them. In the end, however, she lost out, for one of the governors caught and killed Yaqut, and then imprisoned her. But it seemed foolish to keep so beautiful a woman imprisoned so he decided to

really a fortress and was guarded by an amazing fort constructed of mountain rock, cut so smooth, it was said that not even a snake could climb up it. The only opening was a narrow passage, guarded by a moat and a wall. By good luck Ala-ud-din arrived when most of the Hindu forces were away. He succeeded in gaining control of the Hindu province and made off with a great wealth of gold, silver, silk and precious stones. When his uncle, for whom he pretended great affection, came to meet him, he had him ambushed, and made himself leader.

The bards also liked to tell of Ala-ud-din's attack on the other fortress, Chitor, the stronghold of the Rajputs, which was attacked a number of times throughout Indian history. They say that because he loved the beautiful queen, Ala-ud-din undertook the expedition. Chitor can still be seen today, rising from the plain like a rocky promontory three miles long, topped by high walls. The only approach is by a steep lane shut in by walls, and blocked at intervals by seven gates. Some of these gates still bear spear points set at just the height of an elephant's head to keep elephants from battering them down.

The bards say that Ala-ud-din besieged Chitor for months but with no success, so he decided to try strategy. He sent word that if he could see the queen, Padmani, just once, he would go away. When this could not be arranged, he said that he would be satisfied if he could even see her image in a mirror.

The Rajputs agreed to arrange the mirror reflection at a certain point in the passage. Ala-ud-din looked at it a long time and then the courteous Rajput chieftain accompanied him back to the first gate. Ala-ud-din had of course thought this might happen, so had prepared an ambush. The leader of the Rajputs was seized and all was thrown into confusion. It seemed now that the queen would surely be taken so the besieged people sent word to Ala-ud-din that she would surrender without further fighting if the affair could be arranged with proper dignity and if she could be accompanied by an escort of handmaidens.

A plan was agreed on and the veiled retinue went with her in closed litters to Ala-ud-din's camp. When the litters had been set inside the tents, the Rajput prince, who had led the procession, began a long farewell to Padmani. Ala-ud-din grew tired of it and interrupted. At that instant, out of the litters sprang Rajput officers. Each bearer was a soldier in disguise and with their officers they saved their queen and the prince.

But the Moslem invaders were still unwilling to give up. So they waited below Chitor. The Rajputs, realizing that they would never go away without victory made a dreadful and final decision. A fire was built in a deep chamber of the fortress and all the women and Padmani walked slowly in. The stone door was sealed forever. Then the men went out to finish the battle, and as they

had foreseen were defeated — all but one, who escaped to make trouble later.

This story, as told by the bards, seems to convey the same impression that Chitor gives today. From the lake within its walls rises the small white palace of Padmani — graceful and delicate, shining in the sun above the dark waters.

Ala-ud-din became a severe ruler. Like Balban he made rigid rules as to how the court should be run. . . . “he forbade wine, beer, or intoxicating drugs, to be used or sold; dicing, too, was prohibited. . . . All the china and glass vessels of the sultan’s banqueting room were broken and thrown outside the gate of Badaun, where they formed a mound. . . . The Sultan himself gave up parties. . . . The Sultan consulted with his most experienced ministers as to the means of reducing the prices of provisions without resorting to severe and tyrannical punishments. They replied that necessities would never be cheap until the price of grain was fixed by tariff. . . . So regulations were issued which kept down its price for some years. . . . The extraordinary part of it was that during the reign of Ala-ud-din there were years of deficient rain, but, instead of the usual scarcity ensuing, there was no lack of corn in Delhi nor rise in price, either in the royal granaries or in the dealers’ importations.”¹³

In this way we learn that there was price control in India six hundred years ago!

The period of disorder and weak leaders came to an end with Firoz Shah who was the greatest sultan up to this time. He dug great canals and extended the irrigation systems; he set up marriage and employment bureaus. He stopped outright cruelty and tried to repay those who had been wronged, for as he said, "The Great and Merciful God made me his servant and I hope and seek for his mercy by devoting myself to prevent the unlawful killing of the Mussalmans and the infliction of any kind of torture upon them or upon any man." ²

Firoz Shah was also a great builder and to him are credited the greatest of the Moslem monuments. It is said that he built two hundred towns, forty mosques, thirty colleges, one hundred hospitals, thirty reservoirs, and a hundred and fifty bridges. He made a great new capital which he called Firozabad. He not only erected new buildings but repaired the old, preserving them for future generations.

One thing that he did in preserving the work of others is shown in the story of how he had two of the great pillars of Asoka who had lived fifteen hundred years before him, brought to Delhi. One pillar was as far away as a hundred and fifty miles, the other fifty miles distant. Firoz Shah had them both wrapped in coatings of wild cotton and skins, carefully loaded on a specially constructed sled with forty-two wheels, and then drawn to the Jumna River. It took 8,400 men to do this using miles

of rope. When the columns had reached the river they were loaded on fleets of grain boats lashed together and floated to their destination. Here by some elaborate system of pulleys they were once more erected.

The death of Firoz Shah was again followed by a period of disorder and unrest during which the Mongols led by the famous Timur, the Lame, or Tamerlane, arrived.



UNDERLYING UNITY

Hinduism

HOW very old is the story of Hinduism! It reaches back to a period beyond the lost cities, to a culture that was unearthed there, but which must have begun long before them. The religion of the peoples of the lost cities was not actually Hinduism as it developed much later, but some of the roots of Hinduism started in that ancient life.

From remote times right down to the present, Hinduism played a very important part in the history of India. As time passed and the people of India came to be made up of more racial strains, more cultural backgrounds, and

differing religions, one great force was leading them toward each other and unifying them. This force was Hinduism.

Hinduism seems hard to understand. It will be less so if we think of it not so much as a formal religion, but more as an attitude of mind, or a way of thinking. For one may be a good Hindu without ever going to a formal place of worship. It is a person's behavior and his point of view that show whether or not he is a good Hindu.

To see how Hinduism grew, how it affected the life of India and became, as some think, the greatest gift she has given the world, we must know its story.

The Aryans, who were the first historical invaders of India, believed that there was spirit life in all nature — in mountains and rivers and trees and stones. It seemed to them that if man would only listen he would understand what the spirits said.

The seers, or *rishis*, of these people of Vedic times felt themselves inspired by the spirit world much as Christian prophets, and poets of all ages have often felt themselves inspired. The seers felt that they were expressing something which did not originate with them, but something that they had experienced. They did not try to say what the Infinite was like, for, they said, if he could be understood by men then he would be only something which man himself had thought up!

The worship of trees and animals and rivers was, per-

haps, practiced in India before the Aryans came. Deification of the sun and other heavenly bodies, probably came from the Aryans. Reverence for all that had to do with the creation of any life — snakes as symbols of spring returning to earth, for example, and offerings against the spirits of darkness probably came from the dark-skinned Dravidian-speakers. From these main sources Hinduism sprang. But it must have been affected also by the Greeks and Persians, by the Moslems and Christians as ages passed and these invaders and teachers came into India.

The many gods connected with Hinduism are confusing to anyone who tries to understand this religion. Chief of the gods are Brahma, the Creator; Vishnu, the Preserver; Siva, the Destroyer. Together they make up the three aspects of God, perhaps a little like the Christian idea of the three-fold Godhead.

If the gods always looked the same it would not be so hard to recognize them, but some of them have had different incarnations, that is, they have come to the earth in different forms, and this is confusing. For example, Vishnu, the Preserver, is said to have come nine times in nine different ways. He is also called Rama and Krishna! He is even expected to return a tenth time and this time he will come on a white horse to destroy the world!

In the same way, Siva's wife is known in several different forms, while one of his sons, Ganesh, has a curious fat body and an elephant's head. He is the god of

good luck and is a great favorite. Every year the festival, *Ganesh Chaturthi*, is held in his honor.

Another idea connected with Hinduism which is hard to understand is that of the transmigration of souls. To a Hindu the present life is only one in a long chain through which, if he moves ever upward, the soul at last becomes part of the World Soul. For if one does well then the next time he is born it will be into a higher state than the one he was last in, but if he is careless and does badly, then his next birth will be into a lower level. Some people think of caste in this way, and say that the caste system may seem very unjust; but from the Hindu point of view it is logically the result of one's failure or success in previous lives. It is true, of course, that the theory of transmigration need never leave one hopeless, for however low one's form of birth, there is always the goal of Nirvana to be reached at last.

There are other ways of progress for the soul, besides that of re-birth. A visit to the city of Benares helps a Hindu, as a visit to Mecca helps a Moslem. Bathing in sacred rivers, especially the Ganges, washes away one's inner sin. *Melas* or combination fairs and religious festivals are regularly held at the point where the Ganges and Jumna meet. Here, millions of people congregate to bathe at this especially auspicious place. Jawarharlal Nehru, seeing the people at a gathering of this kind, wrote:

“ . . . as I listened to them I thought of the power of a faith which drew these vast numbers to the river and made them forget for a while their poverty and misery. . . . It is fascinating to think of the unbroken chain which connects us with the dim and distant past, to read accounts of these melas written 1200 years ago — and the mela was an old tradition even then.”⁸

One of the loveliest of Hindu festivals is the *Divali* which is the Festival of Lights, a kind of Hindu Christmas. Paper boats lit by cotton wicks soaked in oil are sent down the rivers. *Divali* is only one of many festivals celebrating birthdays of the gods, or the seasons, or historic religious events.

Caste plays a practical part in Indian life through its connection with every phase of it. When the division into classes began in the time of the Aryans, it met a real need. It insured social cooperation. Everyone was placed according to his occupation. First there were the *Brahmins* or learned men who were the priests and lawgivers and teachers. Next in importance were the *Kshatriyas*, who were the rulers and administrators and warriors. Merchants, business men of all kinds and farmers were *Vai-syas*. All laborers and menial workers — at first they were the native black tribes whom the Aryans conquered — were *Sudras*.

As fresh invaders came to India rules about intermarriage were made. These taboos were set up in order to



“ — forget for a while their poverty and misery.”

keep races from mixing. But these rules added to the strength of caste.

Another fear which added to the power of caste, was that of disease. Very early the Indians learned that sickness, particularly in a hot climate, came easily from food or water that was polluted. For this reason some kinds of work were considered dangerous to health and those who did them could not associate with others. Scavengers and tanners and street-sweepers belonged to this group. All sorts of rigid rules were drawn up — about the use of the same water supply, eating and drinking together, and the way peoples of various castes must pass each other when walking along a road. . . . Strange as many of these rules seem to us of the West, there are Western ways of doing things which seem quite as strange to the Indian. For example, the repeated use of the same dishes and tableware and toothbrushes seems unclean to him. He breaks his dishes after using them, and brushes his teeth with a willow twig which he then throws away. Only running water seems really clean to the people of India so the Western bathtub seems to pollute rather than to cleanse!

The caste system became more and more rigid and full of fine points of behavior until, in modern times, mechanization of industry made it necessary to simplify it. This process is going on now as the way of life becomes more modernized.

The Hindus thought that they would improve their spiritual lives by bathing in the River Ganges and by careful observance of all the rules of caste, but more important even than these was to try to find the Great Spirit and come as close to him as possible. Hindu leaders sought and used and taught several ways by which to attain spirituality. One of the most difficult to understand, and yet most familiar to Westerners, is *yoga*. Yoga tries to subdue the body and make it harmonize with the spirit by mastering the mind, by assuming certain postures, and by controlling one's breathing.

A means of spiritual endeavor more understandable, and of seemingly greater meaning, is *bhakti* or the Way of Devotion. This is very much like the Christian idea of "giving one's self to God." It involves belief in a personal God, who is loved without thought of return. The Way of Devotion "had already been foreshadowed in the *Bhagavad Gita*" or "Song Celestial" which is part of one of the epics. This writing is said to be a favorite with Gandhi, who followed this form of Hinduism. The world honors him for his personal goodness and bravery in the course he believes to be right.

The growth of *bhakti* came to importance in a man whose name was Ramananda. Ramananda, who was a Hindu teacher, grew so disgusted with the narrow religious beliefs of southern India, that he went to the city of Benares where he founded a sect whose ideals were

based on the Way of Devotion and the acceptance of everyone regardless of caste.

One of those who came to join this new group was a Mussalman weaver named Kabir. He was perfectly fearless in saying what he felt about what had before been thought sacred. He said, "The (sacred) beads are wood; the gods are stone; Ganges and Jumna are water, Rama and Krishna are dead and gone, and the Vedas empty words." Then he went on to say, "God is One, whether we worship Him as Allah or Rama. . . . The Hindu god lives at Benares; the Muhammedan god at Mecca; but He who made the world lives not in a city made with hands." ²

Kabir was a singer of songs. Some of them suggest Christian hymns and are full of beauty, such as:

Oh servant where dost thou seek me? Lo, I am beside thee.

I am neither in temple nor mosque; I am neither in Kaaba or Kailash.

Neither am I in rites or ceremonies, or in yoga or renunciation,

If thou art a true seeker, thou shalt at once seek me;
Thou shalt meet me in a moment of time.²

And again,

I hear the melody of His flute, and I cannot contain myself:

The flower blooms, though it is not spring: and already the bee has received his invitation.

The sky roars and the lightning flashes: the waves arise in my heart.

The rain falls and I long for my Lord.

Where the rhythm of the world rises and falls, thither my heart has reached;

There the hidden banners are fluttering in the air.

Kabir says, "My heart is dying though it lives." ²

Kabir was finally banished from Benares because he was too liberal in his teaching. He spent the rest of his life wandering around northern India. One of the stories about his death relates that his followers, some of whom were Muhammedan and some Hindu, had a great argument about what should be done with his body, each sect wanting to bury it according to the custom of that group. Suddenly, his spirit appeared and told them to lift the shroud. When they did so, they found no corpse at all but only a heap of rose petals. They divided these and half were buried in Muhammedan fashion at Maghar, while half were taken by the Hindu disciples and burned and thrown into the Ganges according to their custom.

Kabir's influence did not stop with his death. Today

his followers, who are called Kabirpanthis, number millions and his songs are sung all over northern Hindustan.

The revolt of Ramananda and Kabir against the whole pantheon of Hindu gods may make us stop to wonder about the meaning of idols. We may ask why it is that people of the Orient have found satisfaction in the representations of their gods to so much greater a degree than people of the Occident, for the iconography of Catholicism is not image-worship, as we mean it here. Or we may ask even more directly, "What are idols?"

Probably different people will have different answers for these questions. But we may be able to understand why the Oriental tends to like images in connection with his worship, if we realize that his chief religions, Hinduism, Buddhism, Jainism, are much older than any of the West. Islam is, of course, about six hundred years younger than Christianity and moreover it is not native to the Far East but rather to the Near East. Around the really old Oriental religions, certain superstitions and practices have grown up with the ages. The strong imaginative and artistic tendencies of the Far Eastern peoples have naturally been at work in religious expression, and as we have seen in the case of India, the main theme of art has always been one that relates to the gods.

One reason why people of the West have trouble understanding the use of idols in the Orient, is that they be-



“ — A Musselman weaver whose name was Kabir.”

lieve that they are representations of the gods. Because this is so, some hideous images repulse them and they cannot see how anyone could possibly worship them, nor how, in the case of gentler ones, they could ever be loved.

The truth, of course, is that the people of the Orient do not think of the idols as representing their spiritual gods at all. Because the gods seemed so far away, so hard to get in touch with, they have made symbols of them, usually to show some special quality that is theirs. The more complicated the religion, the more images there will probably be, because the people try in many ways to give themselves symbols of all that the religion includes. This explains the great number of gods in Hinduism, and perhaps the next largest number, in Buddhism.

This effort to symbolize in definite, understandable, visible form what is vague and hard to express is a little more easily seen by a concrete example. Some gods in both India and China are represented as images with many arms and hands. This does not at all mean that the people think they are actually like that. It does mean that these gods are more generous in the kindness and mercy they show than man can imagine. The Merciful Bodhisattva of India, who in China is the Goddess of Mercy, or Kuan-yin of Buddhism, is often made with several pairs of arms and hands. But when she is referred to, it is not as the eight-armed or ten-armed goddess, but as

the thousand-handed Bodhisattva. The extra arms of the image are only symbols of her unbelievable generosity.

But the greatest power of the religions of the Far East has been, as in the case of those of the West, in the effect of these religions on the people who follow them, rather than in any material result. Hinduism has long been searching for ways whereby man might draw closer to the Great Spirit. The length of this search and its unchanging purpose has tended to unify the peoples of India to a greater degree perhaps, than any other one thing in her history.

We need to go back to Kabir to find the origin of a new branch of the Hindu religion of India. Kabir's teachings were taken up by a man who lived half a century after him. This was Nanak, who tried to bring together the Hindus and Moslems, and who gathered around him disciples who were called *sikhs*.

For a long time the Sikhs were small peaceful groups who collected the teachings of Kabir and Nanak. But in 1675 they were organized into a military fraternity much like the Knight Templars of Europe. Members were initiated with warlike ceremonies and gave up all claim to caste.

There were many who did not agree with the Sikhs and so the new sect was frequently persecuted. The result was that the Sikhs had to defend themselves and in

time they came to be nothing more than a confederacy of robber bands.

Then the greatest of the Sikh leaders arose — Ranjit Singh. He went out in conquest and took lands lying in the Northwest, between India and Afghanistan, and learned improved ways of warfare from Napoleonic veterans who had been sent there.

The Sikhs particularly hated the British who by this time were growing very powerful in India. But the English, on the other hand, were very anxious to win the friendship of the Sikhs so that they would help them hold back the Afghans. A meeting was arranged between Ranjit Singh and the English Governor General, Lord Amherst. Out of this and what followed, came the Afghan War which, in turn, caused the Sikhs to undertake an invasion of British-controlled Indian territory. But the Sikhs were bitterly defeated and had to surrender to the British.

Today the Sikhs are a small religious group in India, famed for their magnificent bearing and their luxuriant beards. They number about five and a half million and are known as the ones who renounced caste and who are the chief servants of the British Colonial government in the Far East.

A recent writer describes a gathering of Sikhs in an amusing way. "We foregathered in a large covered gateway at the entrance to the (Punjab) village, where men

gather in the evening to talk. Nearly all were Sikhs, and the rows of beards showed: such beards and such varieties — shaggy, fluffy, dishevelled; sprouting, flowing, over-flowing; combed and uncombed, curled and uncurled; jet-black and snowy white.”¹⁴



MOST MAGNIFICENT CITY

Vijayanagar

THERE is one part of India that the Muhammedan invaders never touched. This was the southernmost tip. The thing which kept them away, was the resistance of a great city. It was because of the invaders that the city was built. Two brothers, so it is said, fled before the enemy and gathered around them all who would help them. The band was made up of outlaws, refugees, and fighting men. They paused in their flight to make plans in a wild jungle, which was inaccessible because of tremendous rocks and heaped boulders. Here, in the year

1336, they began to build the City of Victory, or Vijayanagar.

We have some idea of what the City of Victory was like, from the account of visitors who went there in the fifteenth century.

The first of these visitors was the Italian, Nicolo Conti. He tells of a great retinue of twelve hundred court ladies who went everywhere with the king; of great Hindu festivals when images of the gods were paraded in tremendous cars beneath the wheels of which devotees often allowed themselves to be crushed to death as sacrifices. Remnants of these cars can still be seen.

An ambassador, sent by the sultan at Delhi, adds to the picture. He says, "The city of Vijayanagar is such that the pupil of the eye has never seen a place like it, and the ear of intelligence has never been informed that there existed anything equal to it in the world. . . . By the king's palace are four bazaars, placed opposite each other. . . . Above each bazaar is a lofty arcade with a magnificent gallery, but the audience-hall of the king's palace is elevated above all the rest. . . . Roses are sold everywhere. These people could not live without roses, and they look upon them as quite as necessary as food." ¹³

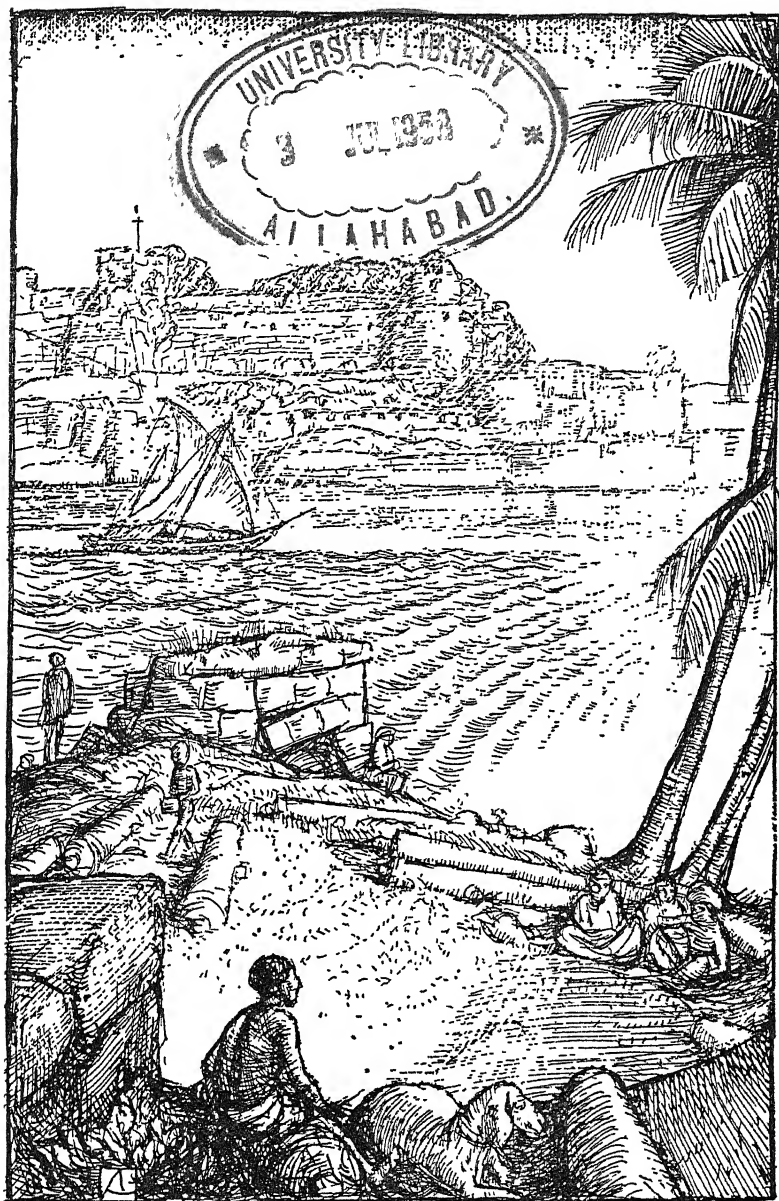
The next visitors to tell us about the great city were from Europe. During the second half of the fifteenth century the Portuguese arrived to settle at Goa and es-

tablish trade with the City of Victory. One of these Portuguese traders was Caesar Frederici. He says that "the merchandize which went every year from Goa to Vijayanagar were Arabian horses, velvets, damasks and satins, Portuguese taffeta, pieces of china, saffron and scarlets . . . the apparel they use in Vijayanagar is velvet, satin, damask, scarlet and white bumbast cloth, according to the estate of the person. . . ." ¹⁵

Another Portuguese traveler describes the city when it was at its height during the reign of Krishna Raya, early in the sixteenth century. Domingo Paes went there with a trader of elephants. He tells how they went through densely-populated country, past beautiful temples and beside splendidly irrigated fields. He says,

"The size of the city I do not write here, because it cannot be seen from any one spot, but I climbed a hill. . . . What I saw from thence seemed to me as large as Rome and very beautiful to the sight; there are many groves of trees within it, in the gardens of the houses, and many conduits of water which flow into the midst of it, and in places there are artificial lakes; and the king has close to his palace a palm grove and other rich-bearing fruit trees." ¹⁵

The private apartments of the royal family were in a separate building, known as the House of Victory. One room was panelled with ivory from top to bottom. "The pillars had roses and flowers of lotuses, all of ivory, and



Old Portuguese forts at Goa.

all well executed, so that there could not be better — it is so rich and beautiful that you could not discover another such. On this same side is designed in painting all the ways of life of the men who have been here, even down to the Portuguese from which the king's wives can understand the manner in which each lives in his own country, even the blind and beggars.”¹⁶

Paes describes one of the great festivals in honor of the god, Siva. It began with the dancing of the *nautch* or dancing girls. “Who can fitly describe the great riches these women carry on their persons? Collars of gold with so many diamonds and rubies and pearls, bracelets on their arms, girdles below and anklets on their feet!”¹⁶ There were a thousand of these dancers and they passed the king's dais followed by thirty-six of the king's most beautiful wives carrying lighted lamps and wearing tall, jewelled hats. Then came all the other women and servants and the swaying elephants and horses, wrestlers and priests, buffaloes and sheep.

The festival continued for nine days and the king sat watching from his throne of gold and precious stones, set on a carved stone base. The pediment of the throne can still be seen. On its sides are the friezes — dancing girls, foot soldiers, elephants, horses.

But magnificence did not save Vijayanagar. In the end the Muhammedans took it, and the Hindus fled in panic. Today, the once beautiful place is a wilderness of ban-

yan trees, vines and palms. In its day it was the most famous of Indian cities, yet it was a wicked place, for the poor were made to pay heavy taxes; the laws were very cruel; widows had to throw themselves on their husbands' funeral pyres — and one man might leave a thousand or more widows! “. . . the people are so subject to him (the king) that if you told a man on the part of the king that he must stand still in the street holding a stone on his back all day until you released him, he would do it.”¹⁶ The temples, for all their beauty, favored practices which were not such as to honor any god whom man could worship with dignity.

Yet, at least one of the kings of the great city was merciful and generous and loved the arts. This was Krishna Raya. Among the ruins still stands one of his many buildings — the beautiful temple of Vitthalswami. This and some exquisite reliefs illustrating scenes from one of the epics, once in the great king's private chapel, are proof enough of the authenticity of the historical records of the fabulous City of Victory.



THE TURN OF A HAND AND THE GLANCE OF AN EYE

The Dance

DANCING began with the earliest Indian civilization — the era of the lost cities. Because the long story of dancing came to a temporary end with the next period of Indian history, a period of invasion, it is well to stop here to see what the dance meant and still does mean to India.

Among the things found in the ruins of Mohenjo-daro was the poised figure of a dancing girl, shaped of bronze.

In Vedic times dancing to drums and wind instru-

ments gradually led to the introduction of the drama as shown by the Sanskrit root word *nrit*, to dance, which in turn gave rise to the word for drama, *nataka*.

Indian mythology traces the dance to Siva, the lord of dancing. He is also called Natarajah and is the emblem of cosmic energy. His dance is supposed to be the source of all movement in the universe, to release all souls from illusion, and to keep the dance centered in his heart.

The story goes that one day Indra and some of the other gods grew bored and asked their lord Brahma for a pastime that could be both seen and heard. So Brahma made a new composition out of four others and had it performed. It seemed to please the gods.

During the time of the Vedas and the great epics, dancing was learned by both boys and girls and was part of their accomplishments. The great warrior Arjuna, hero of one of the great epics, was said to have been an expert dancer and to have taught it well. In time, dancing grew more and more popular and every king and chieftain in ancient India had his court dancers.

In the time of the Buddha, kings often danced with their wives as their partners. But little by little dancing was looked upon with less favor, and was even ignored by princesses and princes. When the Chinese pilgrim, Yuan Chuang, reached India he reported that dancers were required to live outside the cities along with outcastes.

But dancing at court functions continued, performed more and more often by professional dancing girls. They also played important parts in religious festivals. In the famous *Gita Govinda*, "Song of the Cowherd," we find a verse which tells of the dancing of the god, Krishna, and the milkmaids.

Sweetest of all that temptress who dances for him now,
With subtle feet which part and meet in the Ras measure slow,
To the chime of sliver bangles and the beat of roseleaf hands,
The pipe and lute and viol, played by the woodland bands,
So that, wholly passion-laden eye, ear, sense, soul o'ercome,
Krishna is theirs in the forest! His heart forgets his home! ²

The dance which is described is the Ras Mandala. It has deep religious significance. "Krishna is Self, the milkmaids are the human souls, and Brindaban, the place whence the milkmaids come, is the plane of consciousness." ¹⁷

Dr. Ananda Coomaraswamy in writing of the dance, says, "The dancer reflects the Deity, whose transient gestures we all are . . . the spectator indeed derives

pleasure from the sight of the rhythmic movements of the human bodies, but the dancing can only be called *rational* when all the dancers' gestures are *signs* and the dancing exhibits (quoting from St. Augustine) 'something over and above the delights of the sense.' . . . The lovely shapes and sounds are not ends in themselves, but summons to the feast of reason." ¹⁸

Madame La Meri, authority on Indian dance, puts this relation between dance and religion another way. She says, "The Hindu dance is built around a great column of stillness in the soul. . . . When the Eastern dancer tells the story of Rama with plastic face and hands and body, we must feel that he is not a man, but a vessel which has emptied all his soul and body to receive for that hour the eternal stillness which is God." ¹⁸

The dances for which India is famous are clearly connected with history and religion, for religious history is the history of India. One of the best-known and most difficult dances is the *Kathakali* dance of Malabar. It is considered throughout the world as the most wonderful histrionic art of the Orient. The training for this dance is scientific, rigorous and long. The story of the dance is taken from events in the epics and is so long that it takes a whole night for its performance. In it are used sixty-four *mudras* or positions of the hands — a very important part of Indian dancing — and about eleven different glances of the eyes.

Mudras of the hands and fingers are of two kinds — single-handed or double-handed. Objects of more than ordinary value, like gold, are referred to by a movement near the forehead, those of ordinary value, like a lotus, by a movement near the chest, and those of no value by a downward movement. Gestures of the hands express emotions such as doubt, fear, hate, love. For example, the gesture of stroking an imaginary moustache can be used with variation to mean pride, boasting, masculine anger, or to symbolize a husband. Glances of the eyes, or *dristi*, are combined with *mudras*.

Another dance is the *Kathak* dance. This originated in north India. It really came in with the Muhammedan invaders and is part of their culture. It involves very elaborate foot movements.

India has many seasonal dances. For example, the *Kajri* dance is performed just after the rainy season to the accompaniment of Jhula songs. The women take part, singing and swinging and dancing. This dance along with other seasonal dances is closely related to the folk dances which are most often found in the villages. This village dancing is separate from what is most often considered the art of India. But the revival of the folk dances, led by Mr. G. S. Dutt, is part of the story of Indian dance.

This revival is known as the *Bratachari* Movement.

It is much more than a simple revival of village celebrations and beautiful rhythmic motion. It is, in the words of Mr. Ramananda Chatterjee, a search for "the secret of the unity of humanity and fellowship among nations . . . in an inner rhythmic harmony between the physical and spiritual life."¹⁹

Mr. Dutt was interested in the revival partly because of his memory of his own childhood in a small village of Bengal. It was an old-fashioned village, and the people there did not separate work, play, worship, art and religion. Everything was bound together. His father might plow all day but in the evening, he, with men of all castes and religions, joined in dancing traditional village dances, while the women sang the simple *kirtan* or songs of adoration. Here dancing was still honored, and women of good family naturally took part in the dancing as well as the singing.

He found that this was not so in other parts of India where outside influences had come in. The dance there was in bad repute and the simple beauty of it was gone. However, it was not until he went to England for the fourth time and chanced to see an All-England Folk Dance Festival, that an inspiration came to him and the idea of the Bratachari Movement was born.

After various experiments, during which he was often considered insane, he opened the Folk Dance Training

Camp in India, in 1932. Here school teachers and others were taught folk dances, sports and songs of the provinces.

But this was not enough. To Mr. Dutt it seemed too superficial. He wanted to bring an ideal of life into the dance. He composed a set of vows arranged in rhythmic pattern which included mind, spirit, body, national and international relationships. The word *Bratachari* which became the name of the movement means one who has resolved to accomplish a high purpose, to reach the complete life by a code of discipline. The vows stress manual work, knowledge, reconstruction, cultivation of food, emancipation of women, cleanliness, physical culture, arts and crafts, dedication of the self to service, removal of inequalities among people, and finally the bringing of the spirit of joy into life and work through community singing and dancing.

The vows affect even the lesser things of life. For example, one must spend only what he earns, eat only so much as allows him to retain his figure, beware of chance or luck! Women have to promise to be graceful, and if they must rush about working at a dozen projects, still not neglect the homemaker's work.

All the vows are repeated rhythmically with simultaneous, co-ordinated movements of the right arm and the legs. Mr. Dutt feels that earnest, constant repetition in relation to vigorous movement with music, tends

to bring the ideas expressed into the subconscious. He feels that physical culture without music tends to produce coarseness of personality, just as modern competitive sports accent aggressiveness and combativeness.

His idea is similar to the education of old Greece in emphasizing traditional songs and dances and promoting regional and national unity. But Mr. Dutt is careful not to let that unity extend only to national limits. He stresses the unity of the world. *Bratachari* does not stress any political party or creed. It is open to everyone and has been recommended by the leaders of religious groups in India. The plan has also been demonstrated in Europe.

Others have tried in various ways to preserve the true meaning of the Indian dance, for it is a dance that is typical of much that is India. Here perfect grace, meaning, and beauty combine to lead the attention of the one who beholds it, not to the person of the dancer but to the ideas he expresses. And these ideas are intensely Indian — mountains, monsoon, beating heat, brilliant sun; suffering, acceptance, joy, and deep religious feeling.



PATRONS OF PERFECTION

Babur and Akbar

THE HISTORICAL thread of the story of India was broken in order to show how one great force was at work through the ages drawing her peoples together. This force was Hinduism. Its power is manifest in the millions who sought its peace, in the determination with which it kept its hold on the great City of Victory, and in its influence on art.

Muhammedanism had come into India with the conquest led by Mahmud, in the time of the great Rajputs. It had established itself during the reign of the sultans of

Delhi. But this religion was to have even a much greater power during the rule of the Mongols. When Firoz Shah, the greatest of the sultans of Delhi, died, disorder reigned. This opened the door to invasion. Tamerlane entered and swept through India to the very gates of Delhi, where a terrific battle was fought, and the city fell at last. Tamerlane, setting up his own ruler, withdrew, inflicting great cruelty on all the countryside through which he passed.

It was not until a hundred years after Tamerlane that what is known as the Mogul Empire was set up in India. Babur, who is also called The Tiger, was descended from Tamerlane and claimed kinship with Genghis Khan, which would seem to give him a conqueror's blood. And yet, as we shall see, he seemed to have inherited the power of leadership of his ancestors, without their bloodthirstiness.

To know Babur best we must see him with his father, who was king of Ferghana, a small, rich mountain valley, now Russian Turkestan, watered by the mighty Syr Darya. The valley abounds in fruit and flowers and game of every kind. His capital was established in Akshi and the palace built on a high precipice, with the river flowing below its walls.

Babur writes delightfully of him in his famous *Memoirs*.

"Omer Sheikh Mirza was of low stature, had a short

had to face the mighty Ibrahim, the sultan of Delhi, who had a hundred thousand men and a thousand elephants. But Babur was not afraid, for the fact that he had a body of matchlock men was much to his advantage. Firearms were still very new to India so these men proved a great asset.

His victories began although the contests were very bitter. He started his invasion during the season of great heat, but deep snows met him and his men in the mountain passes. During the hard marching they at last found a cave one night. Babur's men urged him to take shelter in it, but he refused. Of the incident he writes, "I felt that for me to be in a war, dwelling in comfort, while my men were in snow and drift . . . would be inconsistent with what I owed them. . . . So I remained sitting in the snow and wind in the hole I had dug out, with snow four hands thick on my head, back and ears." ²

After many difficulties both of the conquest itself and those arising from disagreements and discouragements among his men, Babur was able to write in his *Memoirs*, "They (the enemy) were scattered abroad like teased wool, and broken like bubbles on wine." ² This victory meant that the Rajputs had lost the supremacy in northern India.

Though Babur had five wives and four sons and five daughters, Humayun, his favorite son, is the only one he mentions in his writings. Once he said to him with

fatherly advice, "To Humayun, whom I remember with much longing to see again: Thanks be to God, who has given you a child, and to me a comfort and an object of love. . . . Fail not to exert yourself to meet every situation as it occurs; for indolence and ease suit but ill with royalty. . . ." ²

Again he complained of Humayun's bad writing and ill-composed letters, saying, "You certainly never read them over. . . . It is excessively confused and crabbed."

Later when Humayun came to stay with his father, the young man fell desperately ill. In agony of mind Babur talked with the holy man who told him that sometimes the Almighty was willing to accept the most cherished gift which a friend of the dying could make, in exchange for the life of the dear one. Babur instantly announced that of all his possessions his own life was his most beloved treasure. Then, according to the Moslem custom, he walked slowly around his dying son three times, and went off to pray alone. His attendants were appalled to hear him cry out, "I have prevailed! I have borne it away! I have saved him!" and from that moment Humayun began to recover; but Babur slowly sickened.

His cousin says of him ". . . he excelled in music and other arts. Indeed, no one of his family before him ever possessed such talents. . . ." But nothing remains of Babur except his *Memoirs*. We know that Babur was so dis-

gusted with the lack of beauty in his new capital, Agra, that he sent to Constantinople for architects, and that he hired a large number of Indian stone cutters to carry out the designs. But his work was removed for later building and none of it is left.

We still have portraits of Babur, and scenes in which he is the central figure, done in the fine miniature which delights the eye. Though the painting of portraits was already an art hundreds of years old, the Rajputs truly excelled in miniature. One marvels at the fineness of the work which makes one feel that a magnifying glass would reveal much that the naked eye cannot see. The motifs cover the fine manuscript paper to which gold and blue add brilliance.

Had Babur lived longer he would almost certainly have done much to further the arts of India. In *The History of Mughal India* Mr. Ja'far writes, "Babur displayed a remarkable taste for painting. He is said to have brought with him the choicest specimen of painting he could collect from the libraries of his forefathers, the Timurides. . . . As long as they remained in India, they exerted great influence on and gave great impetus to the art of painting in India."

In the paintings of Babur, he is shown, not as a terrible Mongol conqueror, but as a delicate-faced Turko-Persian. Only his slightly oblique eyes suggest Tartar blood. His profile is noble, his beard carefully trimmed,

and his whole bearing courtly. For in Babur is personified the founder of the most famous Mogul dynasty of India — the ideal prince of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

This dynasty was to reach its highest glory when Akbar, grandson of Babur, came to power. Akbar lived in the time of other great monarchs — Elizabeth of England, Henry the Fourth of France, Shah Abbas of Persia — yet the historian looking at that age sees Akbar surpassing them all.

Akbar had to seize control when he was only a boy. It took him seven years to free himself of those who were trying to take the power from him and it was only when he was twenty that he was really the Mogul master in Agra.

Unlike his grandfather, he disliked study of all kinds and never even learned to read. But he had an unusual memory and loved to be read to, and to spend much time in discussing philosophy. Like his grandfather, he loved flowers and beauty of all kinds — gardens and fine buildings, pictures and music. His fondness for philosophy made him seek religious understanding within himself. When he was but fourteen years old there seemed to be times when he experienced religious ecstasy.

Akbar had rigid rules for himself. Although his family had always been heavy drinkers and used drugs, he

allowed himself none at all. He ate only one meal a day and even this one did not include meat.

He had an inventive mind. He devised an illuminated polo ball with which the game could be played after dark, and found a way of improving the gun barrels then in use.

Religion and religious thoughts affected him strongly and it is due to these that the city of Fathpur Sikri came to be built.

Akbar, who had lost both of his children in infancy, was heart-broken. When, for a long time no other child was born to him he consulted a holy hermit. Whatever advice was given him seemed to have good results, for it was not long before his wife bore him three sons in quick succession.

Now the hermit whom he had consulted lived in a village called Sikri. Akbar, convinced that it must be a lucky spot, decided to build a city at that place and move there. At the hermit's death, he built a beautiful tomb for him, and then a mosque. Gradually he surrounded these with other public buildings, began the construction of private homes, and took his family there to live. It became a beautiful city with its palace, its audience halls, gardens, baths, and great lake. The whole city was surrounded by a battlement wall of red sandstone.

While all this building was going on, Akbar was

forced to undertake the conquest of a strong enemy. In spite of the severity of the battle, he was victorious. So warm was the welcome home and so flushed with success was he that he re-named Sikri, *Fathpur Sikri*, or *City of Victory*, and erected a great triumphal arch in its honor.

This arch, known as the Lofty Portal, still stands. On it are the curious words, "Jesus, Son of Mary (on whom be peace) said; 'The world is a bridge; pass over it, but build no house upon it.' Who hopes for an hour, hopes for eternity. The world is an hour; spend it in prayer, for what follows is unseen." ² No one knows why he put these words into the mouth of Jesus. It is known that he had had contact with Christians and had argued their teachings along with other philosophies.

Akbar continued his conquests until he was master of all northern India. Then he set about improving his kingdom. He offered good salaries to his statesmen and so attracted able men. He made the village organization efficient, and established an excellent system of currency. In the seventeenth century the Mogul empire was the best and most prosperous in the world.

Though he went on searching for religious contentment, he could not be satisfied. Knowing a little about Christianity and thinking that this might be the answer to his seeking, he sent to Goa, the Portuguese city, and asked for two teachers who might instruct him.

In 1580 three Jesuit fathers reached Fathpur Sikri. Ak-

bar listened to them carefully, had a chapel built for them and thought for a time that this religion was the answer to his quest. Then he grew tired of them and let them return to Goa.

The conviction had come to him that he must make a new religion of his own. He worked one out, combining many practices from the Hindus and the Jains, and he called it the Divine Faith. But the Divine Faith had few followers and ended with the life of Akbar.

In 1585 three travelers arrived at Fathpur Sikri. This event of tremendous importance to history, and so to you and to me, took place very quietly. These three travelers were the Englishmen William Leeds, Ralph Fitch and John Newberry. They brought with them a letter from Queen Elizabeth in which she asked that they be "honestly intreated and received" and granted "liberty and security of voyage" in order to start trading operation, "by which means the mutual and friendly trafique of merchandise on both sides may come."² The three men had reached Agra after many misfortunes. They described the city as greater than London while they said that all the way from Agra to Fathpur Sikri, a distance of about twenty-five miles, "was a market of victuals and other things as full as though a man were still in town, and so many people as if a man were in a market of people."² They had an interview with Akbar whom they described as attired in "a white tunic, made like a shirt

tied with strings on one side, and a little cloth on his head, colored often times with red and yellow." But the letter from the queen was never answered. Instead Leeds was given a post as jeweler in the court, Newberry returned home overland and neither was ever heard of again. But Fitch went down the river Ganges to its mouth, visited the great coastal cities and Ceylon, and at last after an absence of eight years, reached London. It was his report which made the visit of the three men momentous, for on it was based the plan which led to the organization of the great East India Company, foundation stone of British influence in the Far East.

In 1588 conditions in the northwest grew so threatening that Akbar, realizing that he must live nearer the source of trouble, left his beautiful city, never to return except for short visits. And now personal tragedies began to engulf him; his own son turned traitor, and his friend, Abul Fazl, was killed by treachery.

Akbar died suddenly and was buried in the tomb he had prepared for himself. In 1691 a group of peasants plundered it and scattered his remains to the winds.

The changes in Indian architecture which the Moguls brought about began with Akbar. Abul Fazl says of his passion for building, "His Majesty plans splendid edifices, and dresses the works of his mind in the garment of stone and clay."

His earliest building was the tomb for his father, Hu-

mayun. It is a plain but unusual building of red sandstone inlaid with marble and mounted by cupolas. Its great dome is of white marble.

But Fathpur Sikri is the greatest of his works. It still stands, a great deserted city, dead and empty. The center of the plan is the tomb of the hermit, Salim, which stands in a courtyard. It is of marble inlaid with mother-of-pearl. The windows below the dome are of marble tracery, unbelievably fine. The cornice is supported by brackets of fantastic design — a distinctly Hindu characteristic. One of the beauties of this building is its brilliant whiteness which contrasts strongly with the red sandstone which surrounds it.

The Lofty Portal, which commemorates his great victory, has weathered into a beautiful rose color. By some it is considered the most dignified and beautiful piece of architecture in India today.

The Hall of Private Audience, or *Diwan-i-Khas*, shows Akbar's originality. In the center of the chamber rises a single column of red sandstone, surmounted by an enormous capital. From the capital radiate four balconies. During an audience Akbar seated himself in the center of the capital, his ministers at the four corners, while those admitted to audience stood below. Mr. J. Fergusson writes:

"The whole city is a romance in stone such as very few are to be found anywhere." ¹² Again another author-

ity writes, "In the empty palaces, the glorious mosque, the pure white tomb, the baths, the lake, at every turn we realize some memory of the greatest of Indian emperors. We may even enter his bedroom . . . and see the very screens of beautiful stone tracery, the same Persian couplets, the identical ornamentation of gold and ultramarine on which Akbar feasted his eyes in the long sultry afternoons." ²⁰

Akbar brought to its highest point the love of art which had been strong in Babur and in all the family. He fostered the arts in every way he could. Abul Fazl records that Akbar had more than a hundred workshops of arts and crafts attached to his household, and each resembled a small city. One of the Christian fathers at Akbar's court was Father Monserrate. In an old historical work of his, he says of Akbar, "He has built a workshop near his palace, where also are studios and work rooms for the finer and more reputable arts, such as painting, goldsmith work, tapestry making, carpet and curtain making, and the manufacture of arms. Hither he very frequently comes and relaxes his mind with watching at their work those who practice these arts." ²¹

Akbar brought about the greatest unity India had yet known. He brought the great advancement to Mogul art, for both he and his grandfather, Babur, had the true sense of the artist — the willingness to compromise with nothing less than perfection.



JEWEL OF NATURE

Vale of Kashmir

THE VALE of Kashmir, a small oval plateau ringed with mountains and in sight of the towering white peaks of the Himalayas, is a mile high, yet bare of snow in summer. In this beautiful valley centers the story of Akbar's son, Salim.

He was enthroned in 1605 with the title of Jahangir, or World Grasper. The speed and cruelty with which he put an end to a revolt and imprisoned his son whom he had had blinded, seemed to justify the title given him.

Yet the story of Jahangir is really the story of the little girl who came to be his wife. In time she became the real

ruler of India. Since women could not be accepted as administrators, what she accomplished was done by indirect methods. Many have compared the greatness of Jahangir's wife with that of Elizabeth of England.

Mihrunissa was the daughter of a Persian immigrant. She was born while the caravan was moving into India. Attacked by robbers, her father lost all his possessions. He decided that the baby girl was but an added burden so, abandoning her on a sunny bank, moved on. But her mother, who could not keep from looking back, saw a cobra slide from among the rocks, spread its hood and shelter the baby. This was taken as a good sign from heaven, so the father decided that he had done wrong and took the child back. He named her *Mihrunissa* which means *Sun among Women*.

Once in India, the father managed to reach the court of Akbar where he was welcomed because he was clever and skillful in writing and transacting business. Though the little girl had grown up in the court, and twelve years had passed since her arrival, the young prince, Salim, did not see her until one day when he was going to a fair.

She was resting beside a well when the be-jewelled prince happened to see her. Ordering her to hold his two pigeons for him, he went on.

When he came back, one of the pigeons was gone.

"How did it get away?" he stormed at her.



Jewel of Nature

“Just like that,” she said lifting her hand and letting the second bird go free.

The story goes on to say that that was the beginning of the prince's love for her. But although he planned to marry her as soon as he was old enough, his father arranged what he thought was a more suitable marriage for him, and Mihrunissa was married to the governor of a distant province.

In time Salim became ruler and was called Jahangir. His queen died and now he thought again of Mihrunissa. He sent a messenger to arrest her husband. It so happened that he was killed instead of being arrested, and Mihrunissa was brought to the royal court. Hurt and angry, for four years she secluded herself and supported herself by her needlework, accepting nothing from anyone.

When at last she accepted Jahangir, he already had four hundred wives. These were not pleased that he should have a new favorite. But Mihrunissa soon satisfied them by arranging new marriages for them, which took them away to distant places.

Jahangir was so delighted with Mihrunissa that he gave her the new name *Nurmahal* which means *Light of the Palace*. She soon grew so important to the kingdom that he again changed her name to *Nurjahan* which means *Light of the World*.

Nurjahan realized how important she was. She demanded a tremendous allowance and every year when

the terrific heat came, she started for the Vale of Kashmir, with all her retinue.

Tents and canopies and gilt beds and cooking pots and porcelain dishes — all had to be carried by elephants and men up the long ascent. Here in the Vale, living in the fort built by his father, Jahangir made gardens, set out orchards, and controlled the winding river with falls and fountains. Even today one may be paddled over his lake, and look at some of the ruins of his work, and feel some of the love of exotic beauty of this king and his wife.

Jahangir's own *Memoirs* say of Kashmir,

"Its pleasant meads and enchanting cascades are beyond all description. There are running streams and fountains beyond all count. Wherever the eye reaches, there are verdure and running water. The red rose, the violet and the narcissus grow of themselves; in the fields, there are all sorts of flowers and all sorts of sweet-scented herbs, more than can be calculated. In the soul-enchanting spring the hills and plains are filled with blossoms; the gates, the walls, the courts, the roofs, are lighted up by the torches of the banquet-adorning tulips. What shall we say of these things or the wide meadow and the fragrant trefoil? " 2

Again he breaks into poetry.

. . . . At each fountain the duck dipped his beak
Like golden scissors cutting silk;

There were flower-carpet and fresh rosebuds,
The wind fanned the lamps of the roses,
The violet braided her locks,
The buds tied a knot in the heart.²

One of the most famous gardens in Kashmir is Srinagar. It was possible to make it because of the site that was chosen. It is located at the foot of a mountain where water, gushing from the hillside, flows into it and enriches the soil. The slope lends itself to the idea of a garden of several levels. A distinguished Indian poet, Dr. Dir Muhammed Iqbal has written several lovely Persian poems about this garden. One of them describes it in these words:

Whose absence, O Waterfall, art thou lamenting so
loudly,
Why hast thou cast down thy head in grief?
How acute was thy pain, that throughout the night,
Restless, like me, thou wast striking thy head against the
stone and shedding tears profusely!

Jahangir was very fond of flowers and made a study of them. He collected information about trees, plants and flowers, and imported many varieties into India. There are albums still in existence which contain hand-painted illustrations of trees and fruit plants, which it is thought, were prepared at Jahangir's wish.

The greatest building which Jahangir left was the tomb of his father, Akbar, five miles from Agra. This is a curious combination of styles. It has terraces, balustrades, kiosks, and pyramids.

But Jahangir's true influence was in the field of painting. The Mogul rulers brought with them strong Persian tastes. During the time of Babur and Akbar, these remained distinct, but Jahangir as a great patron of art helped to fuse the Indian and Persian types into a new school.

During the reign of Jahangir the report brought home by the Englishman, Fitch, who had visited Akbar's court, began to have results. In 1609 William Hawkins arrived as representative of the new East India Company and tried to open a trading post or factory at the port of Surat on the west coast. Though Hawkins became quite a favorite at Jahangir's court because he enjoyed the parties, the trading post failed.

In 1615 Sir Thomas Roe was sent to India as the ambassador of James the First, of England. He was a man of great dignity, very different from the uproarious Hawkins. In four years' time, Sir Thomas returned to England with trading concessions. Surat was now a regular port of trade, its business conducted in a rented building. The English traders who carried on the business, lived

very formally — but very dully — except when a trading fleet arrived. These men were far from home and knew very little about India. Their life consisted of the handling of printed cottons, silk, indigo, spices, saltpetre and opium as exports, and European broadcloths, velvets, brocades, clocks, mechanical toys, some metals and English clothes, pictures and jewelry as imports.

But the great East India Company had been established. All that remains of it in the old city of Surat are the traders' graves which still stand — immense mounds of masonry, copied after the tombs of the Mogul noblemen.



MANUSCRIPTS AND MINIATURES

Mogul Painting

THE STORY of Indian painting begins with the wall paintings of the caves of Ajanta and Bagh. How did the emphasis in the time of the Moguls come to be on miniatures which are in such great contrast to murals?

It seems that the earliest miniature painting came in the illustration or illumination of religious manuscript texts. The oldest of these is dated about the year 1000 A.D. It is not until about four centuries later that this type of illustration came to be used for non-religious writings. The earliest preserved miniatures are on palm leaf manu-

scripts. Since the palm fronds, or leaves, grow long and narrow, the manuscript folios are usually about two and a quarter inches from top to bottom, and from five to thirty-five inches wide. The lines of writing run across the width, but when the last word has been read, the leaf is turned over bottom to top, rather than from right to left. To keep the leaves together in the form of a book, a hole is pierced in them and a string run through it, with a part of the page left blank around the hole. The binding of the book is of wood and this, too, is strung on the string which is then knotted on the outside. A common Sanskrit word for book is *grantha* which means "knot." Later, when paper came to be used, the blank space for the string was still left and the location where the hole used to be was marked by a spot of red, even though string was no longer used.

The fact that early manuscripts were written on palm leaves had an interesting effect on the development of miniature painting. The narrowness of the leaf restricted the size of the picture and the artist worked to get as much as possible into the space he had. Curiously enough, later, when the use of paper afforded more space, the work of the miniature painters was not as good as when all the detail possible had to be included in a small space.

The oldest manuscript shows episodes of the Buddha's life. The illustrations are plentiful. For example, one has eighty-five illustrations, and another, thirty-seven.

Strangely, the illustrations do not correspond to the manuscript, but are just decorations.

The Jains, that religious sect that arose about the time of Buddhism, made a great contribution to the miniature painting of India. About A.D. 1127 the Jains were beginning to build great temples and it is likely that they also started to copy manuscripts and illuminate them. The work of the Jains in this field was going on at the same time as that of the Buddhists, but the two groups were always distinct, and it is always possible to identify the group to which a miniature belongs.

Although we cannot know when men really began to illustrate manuscripts, it must have been at a much earlier date than that indicated by those which are still in existence for the Jains began illustration by miniature in a different form, at a very early date. This form was the illustration of letters.

Letters were written in India as early, perhaps, as 600 B.C. Sir Aurel Stein discovered some in Central Asia, dated as early as the first century of the Christian era, and since much of the civilization of Central Asia was of Indian origin, it is likely that letter writing was common in India by that time.

The most interesting of the letters which are still in existence, are those which the Jains wrote on the eighth day of what is their New Year. These were letters asking for forgiveness of wrongs committed, or of good

deeds not done. They were of course addressed to the ones concerned. They were carried by responsible members of the community, and delivered in person. Nowadays such letters, which are still written, are usually sent by post.

The earliest of the "eighth day" letters known to be in existence belongs to the thirteenth century, but only a part of it has been found. It is written on palm leaf. However, as soon as paper came into use — about A.D. 1000 — these letters began to change in form, and came in time to be the scroll-letters of which there are many in existence. These scroll-letters are striking in their proportions. They are generally about a foot wide and sometimes as much as sixty feet long! They are usually written on strong country-made paper. A series of miniature illustrations probably comes first. Perhaps there is a picture of the ceremonial jar familiar in all Indian religious rites. Then appear pictures of women dancing, a sign of the splendor of the occasion. These may be followed by illustrations of the eight sacred objects, then by those of the fourteen dreams. After all these the real letter begins, and the beginning is indicated by a picture of, perhaps, the palace of the one who sends the letter, or the market place, a street, a temple, a tank, or stream or maybe a festival at that place. These introductory pictures may take half of the length of the letter, after which comes the text!

These Jain letters are important, of course, both for the artistic ability which is shown, and for the record of the times which they give. Thus we have a letter dated 1610, written to Jahangir, asking that animals not be slaughtered during their special religious festival period. It was illustrated by one of the most able of Jahangir's court painters and shows Jahangir himself, the head of the Jain community at Agra, and many scenes from the life of the common people of the time.

Meantime, the development of the illumination of manuscripts went on. It reached its highest peak two hundred years before the time of Jahangir. The illumination of manuscripts by the Jains brought about some of the best manuscript illustration of the twelfth century. When paper came into common use, Jain manuscripts became more and more elaborate and a great deal of gold paint added to their beauty.

Now, in the fifteenth century, the Hindus began illustrating their religious works. Krishna, beloved of the milkmaids, was a favorite subject. He was the center of a religious revival which was sweeping the country.

When Persian influence came into India with the Mongol invasion, and Akbar called Persian artists to Fathpur Sikri, the foundation of the Mogul school of art was laid.

The chief Hindu painting now belonged to what was thought of as the Rajput school. The Persian school was, of course, centered in the Muhammedan group. In the

time of Jahangir these two schools merged, as we have said, and formed the miniature which was not only a means of illustrating manuscripts, but an end in itself, filling many albums.

The old art of true Indian painting, begun in the caves of Ajanta and Bagh, was living still, coming down through the centuries, preserved by sculpture, then illumination, to a new form when it was combined with the art of the Persians. The realism of Indian painting joined with the fine-lined, calligraphic drawing of Persian art to make what is called the Rajput miniature of the Mogul school.

Jahangir was very familiar with European art, and his private gallery contained Italian paintings as well as engravings by Dürer and Holbein. He seems also to have had a knowledge of Chinese painting. His love of natural beauty tended to make him a good judge of art. He was tremendously interested in animals and flowers and his albums contain careful representations of both. Some of these are done in color, some are only sketches. Many of the pictures are framed by marginal decorations which in turn contain wonderfully accurate details from life, among them fine antelopes and zebras.

The Moguls were very fond of portraits. They were noblemen and took pleasure in having their forbears and themselves immortalized in these fine pieces of work.

We have in the miniature portraits a whole record

from Timur on. But these portraits are important for more than their central figures. Great emphasis is laid on the accessories which are sumptuous — dazzling jewelry, brilliant sashes, diaphanous gauzes, and heavy brocades which are mosaics of roses. One has to study these miniatures to realize the almost microscopic fineness of the work and the elegance of the persons represented.

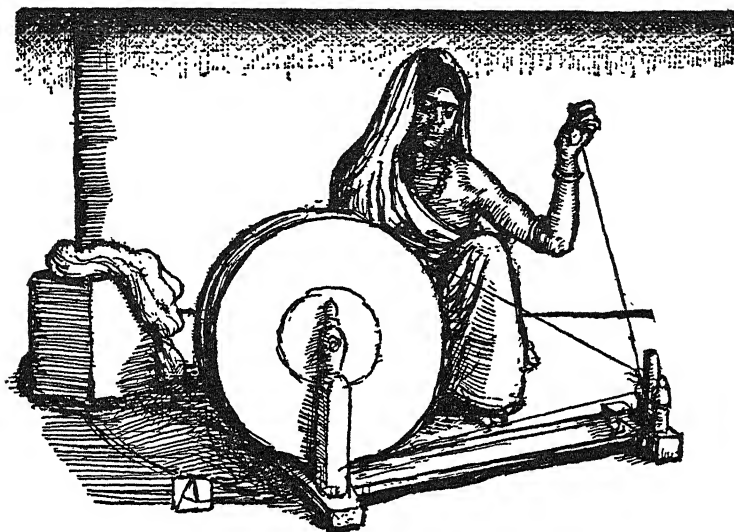
Besides nobles and courtiers, there is another group of persons represented in the miniature portraits. There are the holy men — dervishes, fakirs and monks. These are immensely impressive partly because they contrast so strongly with the richness of the royal portraits, and partly because the faces express so well a kind of disquieting ardor or passionate spirituality still to be found among such men. This quality seems to date back to the paintings of Ajanta.

One of the definite changes which the Mogul school brought about, was the use of three-quarter face rather than the profile. Up to this time profiles had been the rule; now much greater expression was added to the picture.

The miniatures were not limited to portraits of nobles or holy men for they also portrayed hunting scenes, love scenes, scenes of feasting, and many other events. These took on a new quality at this time because of the great improvement in the painting of the landscape against which they were set. Persian landscapes had always been

lifeless, very beautiful but quite unreal. Now the Indian influence made them seem to come to life. The rocks were solid, distances immense, skies threatening or brilliant or mild. Behind the central motif nearly always lies this feeling of space. The fact that the Mogul school had also learned how to use light and shadow added greatly to the beauty of the pictures.

It was Akbar who began the fusion of the Indian and Persian influences through his encouragement of painting as an art, and his special help to men of his court who showed talent. The fusion was completed by his grandson, Jahangir. Through him came the portrayal of three-quarter-face portraits, the living quality of expression, the naturalness of animal life and the accuracy of florae. It was due to him that realism in the painting of landscapes developed.



THE PEACOCK THRONE

Jewels

ONE of the fabulous stories always carried back to Europe by visitors to India during the Mogul period was that of the Peacock Throne. What was it and how did it come to be?

Shah Jahan succeeded his father, Jahangir. His name means *King of the World* and it was suitable because under him India became famous all over the world.

Shah Jahan was a ruthless man and one of the first things he did was to persecute all religious groups but his own. He caused Hindu temples to be destroyed and it is said that in Benares alone, seventy-two were torn down.

Christian churches in Agar and Lahore were also razed.

When he was twenty and already the father of two children, he was given a new wife, Mumtaz Mahal. She was quiet and no one ever saw her publicly, but she was strong and was to have an influence which the world feels even today. Shah Jahan loved her passionately and she went with him wherever he traveled. In the eighteen years of their life together she bore him eight sons and six daughters.

Shah Jahan surveyed all the riches his father had left to him and decided to make use of them for his own pleasure. First he planned to improve the capital, Agra. He had hardly begun when he changed his mind and decided that it would be better to have an entirely new capital. And so Shahjahanabad, which is called the Seventh Delhi, was begun. Shah Jahan ruled the peasants, merchants and artisans despotically. In spite of poverty and suffering on the part of the workers, under threat and force, the great building went on.

The new capital was superb. There was a vaulted hall like a gigantic Gothic cathedral. Next to it stood the Music Chamber where drums always announced Shah Jahan's coming. There were halls of public and private audience. The Hall of Private Audience was a marble pavilion of fretted pillars inlaid with precious stones. The

crimson ceiling was decorated with gold and silver foliage.

It was here in the Hall of Private Audience that Shah Jahan placed the famed Peacock Throne. He designed it himself. It was made up of two great peacocks who stood, tails spread, on either side. To give color to their feathers, jewels were set in the gold of the throne itself. The throne was six feet long, four feet broad, and was surrounded by twelve pillars, green with emeralds. It was sheltered by a roof covered with enamel whose beauty surpassed even that of the precious stones. It took the best workmen seven years to finish the undertaking.

Something of Shah Jahan's satisfaction in the accomplishment can be surmised, for on the cornices at either end of the chamber where the throne stood was inscribed the couplet,

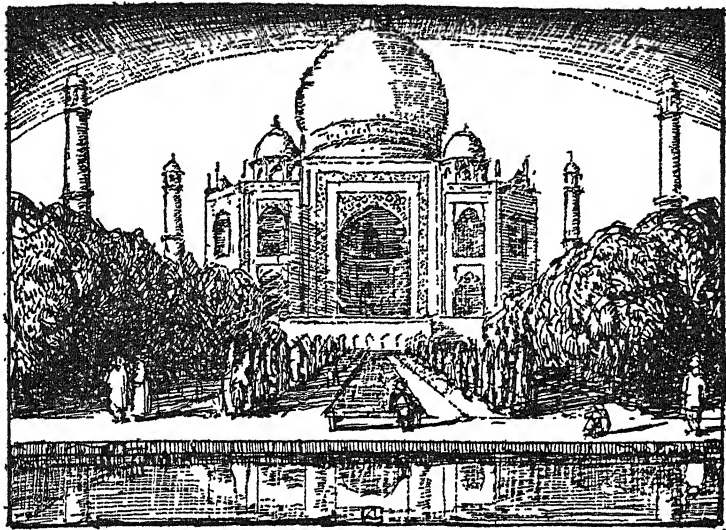
If on Earth be an Eden of Bliss,
It is this, it is this, it is this! ²

The Peacock Throne was a magnificent example of the art of jewelry-making, an art very old in India. Inlaid work, enamelling, damascene, gold and silver work of all kinds flourished. Everyone who could afford to do so wore gold and silver ornaments and huge amounts of precious metals were used up in this way. The court of

Shah Jahan set the fashion more than ever before and everyone tried to follow the style; and for everyone who followed, the suffering of the poor increased.

The looms of India were whirring for the mighty. Fine carpets and brocades and silks and chintzes and muslins were used to drape the halls of audience and the persons of lords and ladies. Floors were covered deep with carpets. As trade brought some of these treasures to Europe, men felt of them, tested them, weighed them and could scarcely believe the facts. The size of the precious stones, the lace-like fineness of Kashmir shawls, the depth of the carpets made them forget their cost.

Mumtaz Mahal said nothing, but followed her lord wherever he went. When she had given birth to her fourteenth child, she died. Shah Jahan shut himself away for a week and said bitterly, "Empire has no sweetness, life itself has no relish for me." His sorrow was the reason for the building of one of the most beautiful monuments of the world.



NINTH WONDER OF THE WORLD

Taj Mahal

THE YEAR after Mumtaz Mahal's death, Shah Jahan began building a memorial for her. It was not completed for twenty-two years and during those years most of the best workmen and a great deal of wealth of the country were devoted to its perfection. As Shah Jahan watched the walls slowly rise, some consolation came to him. This was his idea of a memorial of perfect beauty and devotion. It was being built of glistening white marble. There, across the Jumna River, opposite it, he would later build another. This one would be of black marble and it would be in his own honor. But he could not know

that the second mausoleum was never to be more than a dream.

The land for Mumtaz Mahal's memorial was bought from rich relatives. All the best architects of India submitted plans but no one knows whose were finally chosen. The design of the memorial which was named the Taj Mahal is purely Oriental even though some have claimed that its design was drawn by an Italian. It has some Persian characteristics. When the plan was finished Shah Jahan studied it and added details of his own. He then had a wooden model constructed. When the actual building began more and more workers were called to help, until twenty thousand men were working upon it every day. The total cost came to more than four and a half million pounds sterling.

The Taj Mahal is a great group of buildings surrounded by massive walls, with mosques on two sides. The mausoleum itself stands on a terrace twenty-two feet high and three hundred and thirteen feet square, with a cylindrical minaret at each angle. Although the mausoleum is square on the outside, it is octagonal within. Its bulbous dome rises from a circular drum.

The whole group of buildings is surrounded by a lovely formal garden with avenues of cypresses and long lily ponds leading to the center. The river which bounds the garden on the north provides reflections. It is this impression — the glistening white, fairylike structure re-

peated in the still water of a moonlit night — that holds a visitor breathless, that makes him agree that here is the “miracle of miracles, the final wonder of the world . . . like the spirit of purity — (it) seems to rest so lightly, so tenderly on the earth, as if in a moment it would soar into the sky.”²²

And yet it is the mausoleum beneath in which lies the body of the small, worn woman whom Shah Jahan adored — and later his own body as well — for whom millions suffered and labored and were oppressed, that is the real center of interest in the Taj Mahal.

This room is lit only by the light which filters through the marble trellis work of the windows. There is no color but that given by the agates, carnelians, jasper and turquoises set in the gleaming marble in the *pietra dura* process. The scrolls and wreaths and frets are as exquisite in design as they are beautiful in color. This is said to be the most beautiful style of ornamentation ever adopted in architecture.

From this chamber one can descend to the very place where the royal lovers sleep. “No words can express the chastened beauty of that central chamber, seen in the soft gloom of the subdued light which reaches it through the distant and half-closed openings that surround it.”¹²

Shah Jahan loved architecture more than any other form of art. He decreased the number of court painters, and unlike his great ancestors, showed no interest in the

writing of memoirs. Although the Taj Mahal is rated by the world as the greatest of his architectural achievements, some authorities feel that at least one of his many other buildings should be classed as superior. This is the Moti Masjid, or the Pearl Mosque in Agra. It is built of delicately veined marble which is entirely unadorned.

All that Shah Jahan built stands in contrast to the simple lines of the red sandstone building done by Akbar. His love of detail and perfection mark him as the one through whom Mogul architecture reached its highest point. These high standards were soon to be dissipated by those who followed after him. Instead of the emphasis on art, the emphasis was placed on the political survival of the nation itself. This was because a new invader, one already within India, was about to make fresh demands. A large portion of India was soon to become a part of the British Empire.



MODES AND MOODS

Music

EVEN before the days of recorded history there was music in India. For in Mohenjo-daro were found drums which were used to accompany dancing, and the bronze figurine of a dancing girl showed that dancing and music had long been known.

The story of Indian music is twofold. There is the formal music of religious festivals and temple worship, of processions and the royal court. There is also the great body of folk music which grew up in the villages, music which is part of the life of the Indian people today as much as it was in the far distant past. Folk songs and folk

music belong to the account of village life and will be found in that chapter.

Indian music is truly a great undiscovered field. Much has been done in the study of it, but it challenges the West because of its very difficulty and charm. It is perhaps the oldest of the arts of India. It rose to great richness during the time of the Moguls but then declined again.

When the Aryans came in from the northwest new ways of making music were added to those known in prehistoric India, and string and wind instruments were invented.

We are told that at the time of Alexander's invasion he was astonished to find crowds assembled for the marriage markets. Here unmarried girls were auctioned off to the accompaniment of conch shells and war drums. This was in the fourth century before Christ. A few years later the great Chandragupta of the Magadha Empire (322 B.C.), who is reported to have taken his position very seriously, is said to have been awakened every morning by music. In his great palace at Pataliputra he was surrounded by a host of slave girls who served his food, massaged his limbs, and entertained him with dancing and music.

Chandragupta's son, Samudragupta, was himself a musician and poet. He is said to have solaced himself with music between his great expeditions of conquest. We re-

member that later in the same period Yuan Chuang, the Chinese pilgrim, was entertained with music. This was music made by drummers, and those who played on horns, flutes, harps and "sounding" trumpets.

The very old cave temples of the Deccan still show the musicians' gallery in the façade, with its arched windows and doorways. These are of carved teak and have withstood the ravages of time. We know, too, that Firoz Shah, the great Muslim conqueror in the Deccan, in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, was a great lover of music. Babur, the first of the great Moguls, is said to have "excelled in music and other arts." ²

But how did the Indians really make music? What were their instruments like and what did they contribute to the development of music in the world? We have to go back and see how music came to be so important in the life of the people.

The oldest Indian musical instrument seems to have been the drum. This appeared nearly three thousand years before Christ. It was probably of Babylonian origin coming in with those first barely-known invaders of India, the builders of the lost cities. We do not know exactly what these drums were like but probably their hollow resonance provided the accompaniment for singing or the rhythm for dancing. Perhaps rattles of various primitive sorts also had part in early ritual, for at this time the sun and all nature were worshipped.

a tubular resonator, both ends closed and a mouthpiece in the center and at right angles to it, with three finger-holes on either side of the mouthpiece.

When Buddhism reached China this instrument was used in its ritual and thus found its way back to India through that religion. In India an important change in the flute was made. The mouthpiece was moved to the left and all six holes were placed between it and the right end which was then left open. This was the flute which in time reached Europe and became one of the most beautiful instruments of the modern orchestra.

Another instrument which for a long time was thought to be of Germanic origin, but which originated in India, is the violin bow. We know certainly that one of the earliest forms of stringed musical instruments in India was some form of musical bow. Probably it was only a hunting bow with its string drawn taut, twanged by a finger or a short stick. Perhaps to increase the resonance, the bow was held against the mouth of the player or else the end was rested on a hollow gourd. The first primitive instrument which came from the hunting bow consisted of a small half-gourd or coconut with a skin table or cover on which was a bridge supporting a string of twisted hair. This was the one-stringed lute of India. These are still to be found among some of the tribes.

Further experiment with the musical bow went on. On one side of the bow staff little notches were cut and when

a small rod was passed rapidly over them, the bow string vibrated and gave out a musical sound. It was then discovered that the same sound would result if the stick were notched and rubbed on the plain bow staff, or, more simply still, if the notched stick were rubbed on the bow string itself.

In China there are records which show that a two-stringed violin, which was played by a bamboo slip passed between them, was introduced from some other country into China. The Chinese name signifies that it was a foreign instrument. One form of it, the *ya cheng*, shows that music was caused by friction; the other, the *hu ch'in*, that it came from outside. It is exactly similar to the primitive Indian *vitara*. This is almost certainly the story of the violin bow.

The Arabs who carried so much that was Indian, westward, also carried this idea of the bow. It reached Persia in the seventh or eighth century and was applied to the Persian lute. From there it went westward again and became magic in the hands of a creator, Stradivari.

It is almost impossible to describe Indian music to the Westerner. It is full of ornamental tones, it emphasizes mode, it is based on an unbelievable octave of twenty-two notes! There is little or no accent and there is almost no harmony. It is commonly said that Indian music is made up of quarter tones, but microtones would be a better word since the tones are not all of the same value, in

that some are one ninth of a tone, some semi-tones, in differing values. We say that Indian singing is "out of tune" but actually it is more in tune than our pianoforte scale, for our ears have become accustomed to music that is not strictly true.

The case of Indian music is the Rag or mode. The western system has five modes and in addition five pentatonic modes. In Indian music there are more than these. Some Western singers can sing the two true major scales, but most cannot. When an Indian sings variations they will be in mode but not in tune.

One reason why Indian music is difficult for the Westerner, but also more true, is that it is not written down. The effort to make a notation at once sets limits on music, something that the Indian, for twenty-four centuries, has not tried to do.

Some Westerners will be repelled by the nasal quality of Indian singing. The Indian singer does not try for quality of tone. The songs are long, and time and tune require all of his attention. Old Sanskrit writings warn against the nasal tone, but the Indians themselves seem rather to like it since they choose instruments which have this quality, and accept it in their singing.

It is interesting to note that where Western music considers volume important, the Indian tends rather to soft, thin tones. Drums are not used for adding weight to rhythm, but simply to define it. Many Indian instru-

ments are very slight in volume, being used only for rattling, whispering, tapping sounds in concerted music.

The important thing to keep in mind about the form of Indian music is that, since it has almost no harmony except the drone bass, its melody is absolutely free. "When music is in a high state of cultivation modes are numerous; a good musician can sing in a hundred different ones, or more, with accuracy. This is a remarkable feat of memory and a surer guide than notation; the arrival of notation is a sign that the modes are dying out."⁸ This may seem strange to those who have always felt that literacy in any form, even in music, was a sign of advancement!

It is impossible to describe the charm of Indian music. It is extemporaneous and so is seldom sung twice the same way. When it is written down, it always loses something. Perhaps those songs written down by Tagore are the best from the Western point of view. And yet to appreciate them at all, we of the West have to try to see the relation between words and feeling and melody. Music for the Indian is connected with the unseen world, much as poets all over the world reach out to grasp something of the unknown. For this reason, once music is written in notation, it loses its freedom to be a real art and becomes the repetition of something already expressed — like the reproduction of a great painting which is *never at all* the original even though the two cannot be told

apart. The Indian singer seems to dedicate himself to what the music symbolizes, and then lets expression of that come as it will.

The gift of music from India is one which perhaps the Western mind is not yet mature enough to appreciate. The Western ear is not attuned to trueness, nor its understanding to the relationship between the Unknown and melody. Yet this does not alter the fact that some of the greatest and most sensitive instruments of music either originated in India or else were greatly developed there. These were the harp, the violin bow, the cross-blown flute. The music of India, so much older than even the greatest of European music, merits a far better understanding.



NINE OUT OF TEN

The Villagers

THE great men of India whom the world knows best are still only a small part of those who deserve to be known. No one can really know India until he is acquainted with her villages. Nine out of every ten of her people live in villages, and in them are to be found the roots of her music, handicrafts, folklore, and dancing.

Rain is the keynote of village life for on rain depends the crop and so, life itself. Burning sun, scorching heat, and ankle-deep dust are relieved by the deluging monsoon, or, by good fortune, the more gentle rains. A Bengali poet writes:

Black Cloud, come down, come down;
Flower-bearing clouds come down, come;
Cloud like cotton, cloud like dust,
 O let your sweat pour down.
Blind Cloud, Blind Cloud, come,
Let your twelve Brother Cloudlets come.
Drop a little water that we
 May eat good rice.
Straight Cloud, Strong Cloud, come,
Lazy Cloud, Little Cloud, come,
I will sell the jewel in my nose and buy
An umbrella for your head!
Soft Rain, gently fall.
In the house the plow neglected lies.
In the burning sun the farmer dies.
O rain with laughing face, come! ²³

The village, whether in the North in the Punjab, or in the East in Assam and Bengal, or in the far South, is a place of poverty. The houses are most often huts of mud and branches or bamboo, the sloping roofs are of thatch, sometimes covered with pumpkin vines, the floors of beaten earth. If there are trees, often string-bottomed beds, or *charpai*, are set beneath them. These seats are for welcome guests, for the village houses boast no chairs.

In the Punjab, near the Salt Range, houses are built

of fine stone masonry. The doorways are smoothly plastered and decorated with painted floral designs. The ceilings of deodar beams are often beautifully carved. The floors are made of a kind of cement. The roofs are flat. But these homes are not as typical of India as are the simpler mud-walled, thatch-roofed houses.

Village buildings huddle together, fronting on little wandering lanes and alleys. Often peacocks strut about in strange contrast to their surroundings. Open spaces mark the presence of wells, and outside the villages are usually the communal water tanks and threshing floors. Sometimes, in front of a house, beneath the projecting roof, is a small shop where goods are displayed. Occasionally one sees a hard-beaten patch of earth on which grain and peppers are dried. Sometimes a circle drawn in the dust surrounds a heap of grain. It is thought to bring bad luck for anyone to step inside this circle. It is often believed that a slip of paper inscribed with the name of a god, or a piece of iron or even a sickle stuck into the grain heap will keep bad spirits away.

Behind the house there is frequently a small enclosed court or garden where the family may enjoy a little privacy. On no side of the house are there windows, for to pierce the walls would be to open the house to the view of strangers. The blank impression this gives is often changed, however, by carved doorways and painted decorations on the outer surface of the walls.

Farmers usually have to walk quite a distance to reach their fields because what land they have to till is scattered by the way lands are divided among inheriting sons, or by an intricate arrangement of tenant farmers. Although in the South some farmers own their land, generally speaking the Indian farmer does not know what it means to own even his vegetable patch.

And yet a certain cheer pervades the village. When the farmer has reached his field and the plowing begins, his call of "ha-ha-ha, ho-ho-ho!" comes clearly through the shimmering sunshine and to it is added the chatter of women and children.

But it is almost impossible for the farmer to improve his condition because of the high taxes he must pay his landlord and the government — either the central government or that of the native states. He also has to pay rent on his land, on the trees, the fish in the streams, the hides of animals who may die or be slaughtered, even the grass which grows on the ground. All these products are auctioned off to those who work with them — the carpenters, the fishermen, the leather-workers, the grass-sellers. The most important men of all the village are the moneylenders. They are the ones who, most of the time, make life possible.

To one side of the village, and often beyond the low mud wall which surrounds it, live the outcastes — the untouchables or those who live by work which is con-

sidered unclean. Scavengers and street sweepers and tanners belong to this group.

In Hindu villages it is not only people who are considered unclean. Poultry is not to be seen since fowls are undesirable. This is especially strange since poultry originated in India!

Every village has its artisans — the carpenters and blacksmiths, the potters and shoemakers, the oil pressers and weavers, the tailors and dyers, and, generally, a goldsmith.

There are also village servants — the water carriers, washermen, drummer or bard, a tanner, a watchman and a sweeper. There is too, the priest or *mullah* who may serve more than one village. But most important of all is the barber.

The barber is the village middleman. He is the go-between in all sorts of transactions. He helps at weddings and cooks for great feasts, while his wife in the inner rooms acts as hairdresser for the great event.

Villagers cooperate in many of their tasks. Water tanks and threshing floors are used in common. Frequently there is a bakehouse where all the women take their bread for baking. The baker is paid by receiving one out of each eight loaves baked. Sometimes a village has a resthouse which is maintained for travelers by all the people together. This resthouse provides only string beds, cotton rugs and perhaps a chair.

That which gives a feeling of space or dignity to the village is most often the temple or mosque. Here there is a clean court around a whitewashed Moslem mosque, or there a garden surrounds the Hindu temple. The garden is full of fruit trees — papaya, custard apple, guava, or bitter orange. There is perhaps a shrine to Siva, while nearby is a *bel* tree whose leaves are especially pleasing to this god. There are usually flowerbeds, too, for offerings of flowers in the form of garlands are part of the worship.

By no means do all of the villagers go to the mosque or temple to worship. The Muslim worships wherever he is when the time of worship arrives. The Hindu frequently reserves a corner of his house for prayer and every member of the family may go there to pray or meditate or make an offering of water or of flowers to some small favorite image.

Although Indian women are thought of as being hidden away most of the time, they have a great deal of influence on the life of the people. They begin to be important when as small girls, arrangements are made for their marriages and the long years of saving to pay for the proportionately large expense of the event is started. Money is laid away, a few coins at a time, and some of the weaving is definitely planned for them. Even after a girl is married and comes home for a visit, she must always take back gifts for her husband and his people.

Purdah, or the segregation of women, is really a luxury of the well-to-do. It is carried out in various degrees. In the villages, women of the wealthiest families will perhaps do nothing that takes them beyond their courts, but frequently the village women work openly in the fields, or carry food to their husbands there. It is the women who are usually responsible for the finances of the family, controlling the grain, storing or selling it, and always grinding and preparing it for use.

Before dawn Indian village women are up grinding grain on the small stone mills, heating or boiling milk, churning butter, carrying water, weaving cloth. Fifty yards of cloth a year is required for the clothing of one man. This alone is enough to keep them busy.

A village woman's only real rest comes after she has given birth to a child. At this time, it is the custom all over India to allow her forty days in which she need not work. But from the time her child is born she has no freedom from the child itself. She nurses it until it is two or two and a half years old, and she has little idea of training it in good habits with the result that she waits on it much longer than necessary. In spite of all that hampers her, however, she has found ways of controlling her men, and in this way the village life, also.

In south India there are matriarchial societies where inheritance is passed on through the female line. But it is not only in south India but in other parts, too, that the

mother, as she grows older, grows also in the influence she wields, presiding over the family ceremonies and keeping the clan together.

Many of the beauties of Indian art are dedicated to women. There have been women rulers and women chieftains, women poets and women patrons of art. More and more Indian women are coming into modern Indian life. Everywhere they are famed for their nobled carriage, the grace of their *sari* or Indian dress, and the dignity of their expression.

The peasant women of India have made beautiful things out of almost nothing. Cotton, found in the ruins of the lost cities, came to be one medium through which they have contributed much to the world. Long ago Indian cottons were famous for their fineness as well as for their designs. We can get some idea of how early in Indian history this fine cloth was woven because the draperies which appear on their sculptures seem almost transparent. Although muslin was not first manufactured in India, that form of it which was woven on the simple Indian hand loom was in great demand by the West a long time ago. The muslin woven in the city of Decca was said to be as fine as a spider's web. It is said that the emperor of Aurangzeb, in the seventeenth century, once scolded his daughter for not wearing enough clothes. She protested, saying that her *sari* was wrapped seven times around her!

Our name *calico* was named after the city, Calcutta. For a time the Indian trade with England consisted so much of calico that its use was prohibited in England because it was affecting the English market!

Indian prints were known throughout Europe in the seventeenth century and were copied everywhere. In Bengal, these prints as well as embroideries are still made in the villages. They come in three forms — *kanthas* — which are wrappers for the body — pillowcases, and bags. The embroidery is done with colored threads, in geometric designs, or in simple line figures of animals.

Saris today are beautiful in their simplicity and color. A *sari* is a dress at once graceful, modest and effective. Almost all Indian dress is put on by draping. Men and women wear few shaped garments. Trousers, even, are a matter of draping and of tucking in the ends, properly. The popular Western idea of the bare midriff, in sport and evening clothes comes from India where it has long been in use. The turban hat may be said to have come from the sikhs.

One of the favorite decorations of the villagers is that of designs drawn on floors, courts, and house walls by the use of a small piece of cloth dipped in a solution of rice to which color has been added or with colored grains. These designs are usually conventional, many of them dating back to prehistoric origins. They are called *alipana*.

In Bengal the painting of pictures and scrolls is done in the villages. The scrolls are large. They are made of cloth with the design put on a clay or chalk base. The pictures usually depict some historical incident. Smaller pictures, or miniatures, are made on coarse, handmade paper and they too portray an historical incident. When death occurs in a home, one of the scroll painters arrives with a scroll supposedly representing the dead person, although no real likeness is intended. The scroll is complete except that the pupils of the eyes of the person pictured are lacking. The painter then says that the deceased is blind in the next world until a gift is made. When this is done, the pupils are added and the memorial is complete.

Toys of the village children are made of leaves, pith, clay or wood. They are shaped by hand or cast or molded. Sometimes the little animals or men are simply dried in the sun. Again they are baked in a slow fire. Many have a relationship to religious figures. They are usually two or three inches high and are full of life and vigor. Probably only the head and shoulders are complete, the remainder of the body being only suggested. Most of them are female dolls. A few are painted or lacquered. Molds used in the making of toys are often very old, being passed on from generation to generation.

In the poorest house there may be found carved work of the greatest beauty. This may be on bed posts, door

posts or on friezes or brackets which form part of the support of the thatched roofs. Quite often the ceiling of a house is made of woven canes and bamboos in intricate and beautiful design.

Work in metals is very ancient in the Indian village. Brass and copper are most common. Rice bowls, jars and baskets are worked with engraved or twisted designs. Baskets suggest the origin of bamboo baskets. Sometimes rice bowls are decorated with pairs of pigeons with a common body but with two heads.

The most ordinary utensils are made of clay. The Hindu fear of the unclean means that no eating utensil may be used more than once unless it is of metal and then it must be very thoroughly scoured after each use. The common practice is to use baked clay bowls which are thrown away after being used once. Jars and containers for storing grain and milk and food are most often made on a wheel and glazed. The design of ornamentation is frequently that of a fish, interlocking circles, or a great eye, and the colors that are most common are red and black. It is easy to trace the designs still in use to those found in excavations of prehistoric times.

Molds for the making of mango cakes have interesting incised patterns of fishheads, animals or vegetables. These molds are of stone and again are used by one generation after another.

The mud and thatch houses of an Indian village hold

much of beauty if one's eye is keen to see it. From them people go out to sing and dance — people who are rich in the inheritance of the past. By means of their songs, often based on the epics, their dances often related to the worship of Nature or through their religious festivals and plays, they have preserved the greatness and meaning of their history.

Most of the village plays are based on legends. These plays are produced by the people themselves. They love shadow plays and dance-dramas. Oftentimes these presentations are enriched by bits of satire thrown in as a "take-off" of some local personality. Plays are given at weddings or on other festive occasions.

One of the most beloved of Indian plays, adored all over India, is the *Ram Lila*, a dramatized version of the epic, *Ramayana*, in which are depicted the Indian ideals of character — truthfulness, unselfishness, loyalty, chastity, and bravery. The whole performance takes eleven consecutive nights of acting.

In an Indian village, one of the most striking means by which the people can express themselves is their singing. For India is a land of singing people. The farmer sings as he goes to his field and then shouts in rhythm to the ox who pulls his plow. A cartman sings as he drives his cart along a dusty road. In the temple school the children chant their lessons. Religious beggars sing at one's door, instead of knocking. The call of pedlers and hawkers is

musical. Builders sing as they pull up the bricks to the level of the unfinished wall, praying that the rope will not break!

People love to gather together and sing. They have many religious operas. One of the favorite ones is about Krishna. Most often Indians sing without accompaniment or else with only the rhythm of clapping hands or the beating on pots or striking on water glasses. But the most popular musical instrument in the villages is the drum, of which there are no less than two hundred and eighty kinds.

Leopold Stokowski said of the music of India, "I was literally hypnotized by the music I heard in India. . . . There are great musicians in India, many of them living in obscure villages, who ought to be internationally famous."

Here is a great gift of the people of India — music as natural and expressive as the very breath they breathe. Imagination is free. Every musician improvises to his heart's content and embellishes with *gamaka* or ornamental notes to his repletion. There is a *rag* or mode or melody type for every occasion, for every hour of the day and season of the year. Perhaps the West has caught a little of the spirit of Indian music in its feeling for "swing." One of the old Hindu scriptures says, "A melody devoid of embellishments is like a moonless night, a river without

water, a creeper without flowers, a woman without a *sari*.”³

Just as music is natural to the Indian, reflecting his moods and feelings, so Indian music is related to the topography. In India the plains and the mountains are in contrast. The music of the plains is smooth and rhythmic, slow, and usually unaccompanied by instruments. In the hill country music is more cheerful. Rhythm is strong, and excitement and breathlessness creep in. Dancing steps become leaps. The tune is noticeably more minor, reminding one of the Scotch Highlanders and the Swiss yodelers.

As old as the civilization of India itself, village music is rooted in the religion of the people. It is made up of prayers and epics and narratives. It expresses need and romance and longing for beauty. It is beauty even though it comes unadorned from the very poorest of the world's people.



INDIA AND PAKISTAN

Great Leaders, Great Resources

INDIA has been so little known to the peoples of the West that when they discover her through her art or her literature or her great personalities, they are likely to ask, "But why did her magnificence come to an end?"

In one most important respect India's magnificence has never paused. This is in the field of thought. Bards and poets, philosophers and scientists have been outstanding among the people of India in the past. It is perhaps these who have most to give to the world today, as Indian philosophy tempers Western materialism; India's hard-

won freedom accents the longing for freedom on the part of all who have not won it.

India's greatest modern leaders have been those who thought of these things. Many of them suffered in prison for what they believed, but prison did not stop the purpose in their minds. No man stood more clearly for a purpose and a way of thinking than Mahatma (Great Soul) Gandhi. He was not one to inspire confidence by his appearance, for he weighed only ninety pounds, dressed in only a loin cloth, and had no beauty of face. Yet he influenced, perhaps, more people in the world in his time, than any other person. In 1930 he was acclaimed "Man of the Year" even in the United States.

Gandhi was born into the merchant class, the son of a prime minister of a native state on the west coast. He was sent to London and educated there as a lawyer. He was very successful in legal practice connected with an Indian firm in South Africa. He could have been outstanding, financially, and have attained fame in his profession.

But it was while he was in Africa that he began to worry about the hard situation of the Indian peasant and laborer. That worry grew into a passion to work for freedom and justice.

The way before him cleared, and in order to follow it he gave up his position, denied himself every comfort, returned to India, and allied himself with the poorest

common people. He became the leader of a great movement to win independence from British colonial rule. Although he was a revolutionist, he did not believe in the use of force and would not himself kill so much as a fly. Passive resistance and non-cooperation and his own personal fasting in protest, were his methods, and they became known and feared because of their great power.

Millions of Indians and many people from all over the world, as well, thronged to see and talk with Gandhi. Some were happy just to touch his garment. He was not a saint in any of India's religions, but he drew people because of his own guileless life, and because of his dedication to the winning of freedom. He studied both the Koran of the Moslems and the ancient Hindu books during his hours of devotion, and he knew the Bible of the Jews and Christians well. He could draw from many philosophical and religious writings when he spoke with those who came to him, yet as he traveled from village to village, walking hundreds of miles on foot, he could speak in such a way that the simplest peasant understood.

As years passed, Mahatma Gandhi became more than a leader in India. He became the leader of hundreds of thousands all over the world, and a symbol of goodness and simplicity. He was shot down by an assassin as he began to lead a prayer meeting during the first year of his country's independence, for which he had struggled so long.

In 1948 independence came in the form of dominion status. But a divided India received it. The strong feeling between the Moslem and Hindu elements in the country seemed to make it impossible to avoid what was hoped to be a temporary division into India and Pakistan. Gandhi had worked up to the last moment to avoid this division, and then regretfully agreed to it.

The death of Gandhi left the new nations in a dangerous situation. Feelings ran high and there was the possibility of bloody outbreaks. Jawaharlal Nehru had worked closely with Gandhi for a long time, even though he had often disagreed with his methods. His personality, his habits and his tastes were all in great contrast to those of Gandhi. Born into a high-caste Brahman family, he was educated at Harrow and Cambridge in England. He came to love England, especially her literature, and has become one of the greatest writers of English prose in his time. Handsome, polished, a lover of the arts, he returned to India after his education, unable to speak the languages of his own land well. He studied to prepare himself, and threw himself into the Nationalist Movement just before the First World War. In 1921 his imprisonments as a political offender began and continued by long periods through the next twenty years. From jail came some of his most beautiful writing, restrained in its complaint against England as the colonial

over-lord against whom they took their stand, and appreciative of her good qualities.

Nehru's father and mother and sisters all took part in the Nationalist Movement. Mrs. V. L. Pandit, his elder sister, is one of the best-known women in India, and in the world. She has represented free India in the Soviet Union and in the United States as well as at the United Nations Organization.

The future of India still rests to a great degree in the hands of Jawaharlal Nehru. Many times the president of the All-India Congress, he has to work to bring about better relationships between Pakistan and India; between India and Russia; between India and the West. His country and Pakistan must produce a better living for the people; education and industrialization must be hastened.

The use of the natural resources in the great subcontinent has excited the imagination of many. The mighty rivers are an endless source of electrical power. Iron, mica, manganese, coal and derivatives are all available in important amounts. The creative spirit of the scientific mind which centuries ago brought about some of the most startling contributions to the world's knowledge, is still there, and coming to rebirth under the stimulation of independence.

The people of India and Pakistan will contribute again as they have in the past. They gave in spite of

division and invasion and subjugation, and though they are still divided, they are free. Many great leaders are among them and many more will rise to lead, perhaps, not only their own people, but the peoples of the Far East, toward a new age.

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A NOTE ON THE TYPE

2

This book was set on the Linotype in Janson, a recutting made direct from the type cast from matrices made by Anton Janson some time between 1660 and 1687.

Of Janson's origin nothing is known. He may have been a relative of Justus Janson, a printer of Danish birth who practised in Leipzig from 1614 to 1635. Some time between 1657 and 1668 Anton Janson, a punch-cutter and type-founder, bought from the Leipzig printer Johann Erich Hahn the type-foundry which had formerly been a part of the printing house of M. Friedrich Lanckisch. Janson's types were first shown in a specimen sheet issued at Leipzig about 1675.

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